THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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AUGUST 1933

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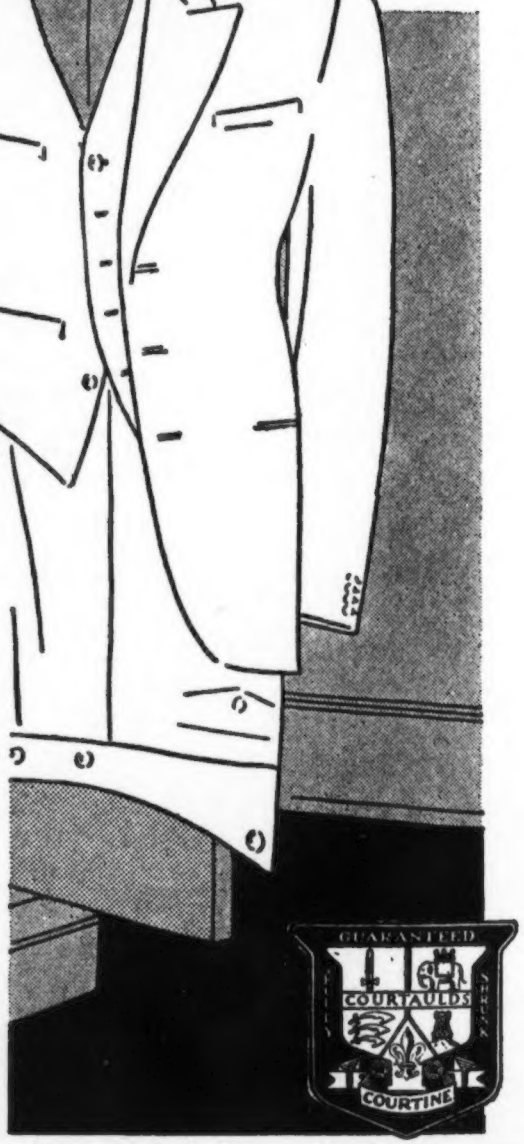

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Current Comments

AUGUST, 1933

THE admitted failure of the World Economic Conference ends an epoch. With the adoption of new economic policies by the United States, Germany, Italy and Russia, and the conclusion of the Four-Power Pact for the settlement of outstanding European problems between the four leading Powers of Western Europe, we enter on a new stage. The endeavour to reconstruct in the post-war world the framework of the nineteenth century economic system has failed as conclusively and as finally as the effort to build a new political international order on the threadbare foundations of nineteenth-century Liberalism. The change has been so abrupt that its full significance is almost universally missed. Even the leading actors have been uncertain of their parts. When Mr. Cordell Hull was looking for a formula of co-operation between Mr. Roosevelt, who had one policy, M. Bonnet, who had another policy, and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, who had no policy at all, he imagined, and the public imagined, that he was acting as the representative of the United States of America. The present writer said as much to a distinguished fellow-countryman of his long before Mr. Roosevelt killed the Conference. "You are quite wrong," my friend answered. "Cordell Hull is not representing America; he is merely representing the nineteenth century."

The End of Financial Internationalism

THERE, in a phrase which proved strangely prophetic, stands revealed the real significance of the events of the last few weeks. Even more significant, because it has gone round the world, was Mr. Roosevelt's stinging reference to "so-called international bankers." The

tone of personal bitterness has perhaps obscured the fundamental criticism. In the new age, financial internationalism is not the enemy of nationalism. It is the enemy of the nations; it is a mortal sickness from which they will recover only by a supreme act of courage and will—the courage to believe and the will to act on belief. Without these qualities in her statesmen, no country will achieve greatness in the coming age. Last month we analysed the world economic situation and showed it impossible to reconstruct the international trade system of the last century. When our notes were written, we spoke, so we feared, for a minority. To-day these conclusions, endorsed by the American President, demand even more imperatively the attention of the Conservative leaders. Our analysis of the fundamental division in the Cabinet on this decisive issue has unfortunately been, to some extent, already confirmed by events. Mr. Neville Chamberlain, while unable to carry his colleagues to the point of announcing a policy, was firm in his refusal to stabilize the pound at its present valuation. Mr. Runciman, on the other hand, has pronounced what reads ominously like a clear and incisive negative to the expansionists, under cover of an attack on the policy of public works for the relief of unemployment.

What of the next Budget?

WHAT is not yet realized, to judge by the stock markets, is that we are drifting inexorably towards a politico-financial crisis. The Budget may not be technically unbalanced, but the yield of taxation is falling. Debt redemption is at a standstill; we are bridging the gap—if we are bridging it—by treating capital as income. The social results of the taxation of capital may be in any case evil, but so long as debt redemption proceeded at a pace roughly corresponding to the revenue from death duties, the problem involved was social, not economic. To-day this necessary

correspondence does not exist. In the next Budget, failing a really substantial rise in the price level, we shall be unable, even if we repudiate our entire obligation to the United States, to avoid an increase in taxation except by a drastic attack on the social and the defence services. In either case the effect would be a disastrous blow to trade and employment.

There is no "Next Time"

FOR years politicians of all parties have been budgetting for a revival in trade to be brought about by some action to be taken by somebody else. First it was the reparations problem which was in the way; then it was war debts; lastly it was tariffs and gold. And for years every expedient of financial jugglery has been used to bridge a gap between present insolvency and the dawn of a new era to be reached at the next international conference. Now, there will be no "next" conference; now, the facts have got to be faced. Not only have we got to cultivate our garden ourselves, but we have got to sow the seed this autumn if we wish for a harvest in the spring. The adoption of a sane currency policy cannot be longer postponed.

The Indian Question

ON another grave matter also the issue cannot be longer postponed. The Indian problem cannot be deferred to another conference; it cannot be settled by consent, not even by consent among the English political parties. When the Select Committee reports, it will either present two sets of conclusions or it will present unanimous conclusions inacceptable to large bodies of opinion in England and in India. Its conclusions may command a natural Parliamentary majority, but they cannot be forced through by the Whip's office. They will have to be defended, and accepted or rejected, on their merits, otherwise our moral title to rule in India even as an equal partner of the Indian peoples is gone for ever. The world, and most notably China, Japan,

South Africa, Canada, Egypt and Ireland, are watching England's handling of the Indian question. They have seen little yet to dissipate the belief that we are grown infirm of purpose, that our policy is to drift on a sea of pious phrases and grandiloquent hopes with the largest crowd, that we have no belief in our mission, in our capacity for wise statesmanship, in any body of principles which, because they are right, must in the end prevail by proving themselves right before the world.

Have we a Foreign Policy?

THE same conclusion emerges too easily from a study of our foreign policy. When the nations assembled to discuss the Far Eastern question, they had a right to hear from us a clear expression of informed opinion. We are the greatest Eastern Power. We have intimate experience of problems closely akin to that of Manchuria. We contented ourselves by looking for a formula, and actually announced our readiness to accept any formula which would unite the Conference. We stood before the world as people paying lip-service to a philosophy of government which we, of all peoples in the world, knew best to be false, and about which every one knew us to be insincere. How could any nation with the practical problems of a vast Empire before them subscribe to the doctrine that what matters about a settlement is the manner in which it is reached, not the degree to which it corresponds with the balance of just interests. It is not the least evil of the consequences of our failure to lead that we failed to prevent the League of Nations making a fool of itself, and so dealt a deadly blow at that institution. We were without excuse. That great Imperial statesman, General Smuts, warned the world some time ago that unless the League could face the responsibility for dealing in a ruthlessly practical manner with " intolerable situations," it would learn that force was the least of two evils. Never was a prophecy more strikingly fulfilled.

The Leaders of the Future

ENOUGH of the immediate past. The excellent thing about the past is that it is buried. The excellent thing about the future is that no one except a handful of elderly politicians wish to disinter the corpse. We are entering on a new epoch, and with high hopes. The younger generation is free from the dry rot of defeatism and flatly refuses to accept the degrading doctrines of economic materialism. Whatever be the attitude of the titular leaders of the country, the future is not with them, or with the policies which have brought in their train so much suffering, so much injustice and such a lamentable decline in our prestige. New forces are at work and new leaders will inevitably come forward to direct them. The future, and it will be a great future for this country, is with them.

No New Coalition

THE march of opinion has been obscured by the necessary and provident campaign against the uncritical acceptance of the Government's proposals in India. Round these proposals a bitter conflict has arisen which has divided equally the ranks of the elder and the younger statesmen, the ranks of the Whigs, the Tories, and the Liberals. These divisions rightly and properly led to the formation of *ad hoc* organizations concerned to defend or to criticize the Government's Indian proposals. Of these organizations the India Defence Committee was the most important, and some have mischievously seen in its members and supporters a self-constituted shadow Cabinet seeking to establish itself before the country as an alternative Government. Nothing could be further from the truth. No one is better aware than are the leading Conservatives identified with that Committee that no effective policy of social or Imperial reconstruction can come from a new Whig and Tory Coalition. No government dominated by men associated with the administrative and political mistakes

of the war and post-war period can ever command the authority or inspire the enthusiasm to carry through the new policies which the public demands from the leaders of the next decade. It may be necessary, events will show, to anticipate the challenge of time to the present party leadership. But no such a challenge from any elder statesman will receive Conservative support; the social, constitutional and Imperial policies on which the rising generation, irrespective of old party allegiances, is resolutely determined, demand new men as well as new measures.

The Task before us

OUR task is threefold: national, imperial, and European. We have to set our own house in order. We must adjust our currency values to the situation created by our internal indebtedness and, thereafter, our currency policy to the social necessity of a stable internal price level. We must seek the foundation of a healthy society in a secure and widely distributed system of private property; we must re-create the conditions under which private enterprise, free from subsidy or guarantee or control, can serve public ends; we must develop our agriculture and restore our coal industry, learning in the process that the task of government is not to interfere with industry, but to create conditions in which industry can discharge its own responsibilities. We must aim at restoring to the individual the purchasing power of which he has been progressively deprived in return for guarantees which have proved vain and worthless, and rebuild our social order on the foundation of individual opportunity, carrying with it individual responsibility.

Foreign Policy and Civilization

ABROAD our tasks are equally urgent. We have to recapture first our own belief in the just authority of our Government, and then so act as to restore this

belief throughout our Empire. We have to strengthen the partnership between Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions. We have to re-assert our right to play an influential part in world politics, not merely to defend our legitimate interests, but, in co-operation with the other great powers, to defend and promote the cause of ordered civilization throughout the world. We have, if civilization is to survive, to turn our back on the easy doctrine that what is right in England is wrong in China, that truth is relative, and that all races and all creeds and all cultures are equally valuable and equally true. Nations, like individuals, live by faith or perish. The march of civilization is the march not of armies, but of civilizing ideas, and the decay of civilization is heralded by the spread of false and disruptive ideas.

What of the Government's Policy?

THE urgent needs of our time can be summarized even more briefly as the maintenance of British authority throughout the Empire; the strengthening of the imperial partnership between Great Britain and the Dominions; the reassertion of our right to play an influential part in world politics, a resolute and effective opposition to the bankers' policy which would sacrifice productive industry, and the homes that depend on it, to financial interests; and, finally, the building of a social order at home which will satisfy the deep determination of our own people for an honourable means of living a free and self-reliant life. Unfortunately while these policies command the assent of nine-tenths of the electorate, they are not of the policy of any formed group of politicians in or out of office. The elder statesmen of all parties have, on the contrary, committed themselves to, and have not yet turned back from quite other policies. Abroad a policy of non-intervention: within the Empire, a policy of surrender to separatist interests; and at home a policy of State capitalism,

which we define as the reorganization of industry on a basis of privately-controlled mass production under State protection and subject to a levy for the purpose of preserving and guaranteeing a relatively high standard of living to as many as industry can employ and a bare subsistence to the remainder.

The Harvest we have Reaped

THERE are three important things to be said of these policies: they have failed, they will continue to fail, and if they succeeded they would not satisfy any one. The world has not achieved peace as the result of the abdication of Western Europe from its historic task of world leadership. Western Europe has not, even at the price of Russia's agony and China's anarchy, achieved the settlement of her own problems. All that her abdication has achieved is to strengthen and encourage forces hostile not to her leadership, but to her very existence. Within the Empire, the substitution of opportunism for justice as the principle of our rule has not promoted either unity or respect. We have deserted our friends without placating our enemies. Mr. Baldwin wisely reminded us the other day that the function of civilized peoples was the same to-day as in the days of Rome—*paci imponere mores*. To achieve peace by an apostasy from our beliefs and customs is the opposite course; it is to destroy civilization, not to preserve it. As for our social policy, there can be no compromise between that of the overwhelming majority of our countrymen, who seek liberty, which can only be securely based on a widely distributed system of property, and status, which implies individual responsibility, and that of the minority of rich industrialists, titled bureaucrats and professional politicians, who seek a world where liberty is sacrificed to so-called efficiency, where State guarantees of maintenance are substituted for individual responsibility, and where in deference to financial and commercial interests the countryside decays,

a third of our coal mines are idle, and the unemployed line the streets of our towns.

Lord Lloyd's Decision

WE do not believe that there is any reason whatever why the people should continue to despair, as they are despairing to-day, of leadership along new paths. While the Labour Party clings to Victorian Socialism and Liberalism is tied to the financial interests, the rank and file of Conservatives are alive to the issues at stake and determined on the policies to be pursued. It has been said, and until recently with too much truth, that they are an army without a leader. While, wherever two or three are gathered together, the talk is of land settlement, of the restoration of agriculture, of substituting functional for geographical representation as the lynchpin of the constitution, and of the restoration of liberty based on a wide distribution of property, it has been the universal complaint that even their most trusted leaders were silent on all these things. It is because Lord Lloyd has broken this long silence that we give pride of place in this issue to his speech at the Nineteen Hundred Club on the 28th of June last. Like any other patriotic statesman, Lord Lloyd made it clear that he will co-operate with any other national leader who may come forward to voice the convictions of all thinking men and women and with a policy to meet the urgent needs of a stricken world. But the need, as he said, is here and now, and problems will not wait on politicians. In the autumn Lord Lloyd will, it is understood, develop in greater detail and place before the country as a whole the new social and economic policy which is necessary if we are to have a real hope of restoring health to our social order, cohesion to our Empire, and peace to the world.

The English Review and the Leadership

THE ENGLISH REVIEW is not concerned with party organization or party leadership. It is a journal

of opinion, and its task is to be at the service of all those who are engaged in working out the social and imperial policies which the world needs. "Sworn to no doctor, of no sect are we." If there were no leader pledged to fight the battle of Christian civilization, based as it must be on the economic integrity of the family, the authority of the State, and the preservation of the Christian moral order, we should still devote ourselves to the exposition of the case for that civilization and the analysis of the means by which it can be preserved. But no great cause will ever lack a leader, and if a leader is here we shall support him to the best of our powers.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Everywhere you go

YOU CAN BE

SURE OF SHELL

The Task before us

By the Right Hon. the Lord Lloyd, G.C.S.I., etc.

[*An address by Lord Lloyd to the* 1900 *Club, given on June* 28 *in reply to the toast of his health, proposed by Lord Fitzalan.*]

I AM deeply grateful to you, Lord Fitzalan, for the very generous terms in which you have proposed this toast, nor is it easy for me to express in simple words my very real gratitude to the 1900 Club and to you, Colonel Gretton, in particular, for the great honour you have done me.

Our Chairman to-day belongs to that group of people who have been the target for much abuse, and, indeed, have been ridiculed for their devotion, quixotic as it is deemed, to principles as against mere opportunism in government. It is, indeed, a fact to-day that it is persistence in and tenacity of any opinion rather than the opinion itself which exposes us to the taunts of Diehardism or what is worse, Imperialism! We must bear these foolish taunts with equanimity, remembering always that there was once a little band of "Diehards" who were called an even harder name, the "Old Contemptibles," and yet they succeeded in saving both England and France—and perhaps the world as well by their tenacity, their faith and their exertions.

We are met to-night at a very critical moment in our affairs. Only two years ago the whole nation, brought suddenly to a realization of its danger, stirred mightily in its sleep and equipped a National Government with unfettered and absolute power to restore the national well-being and to consolidate its internal and external strength. Yet, though the Government has done much that is good, it is idle to deny that there has grown up, alas, a feeling that it is a Government of uncertain direction, and one in which Conservative votes are too often used for purposes repugnant to Conservative principles. There is a feeling that all is not well, and that the Government the nation fought so hard to get is not the Government which she has got.

Someone pictured to me the other day what might be the impressions of an ordinary business man—say, in Toronto—as he looked out of his window on to the Empire and its affairs. What would he—a man out of the main stream of political life, but a keen imperialist, imbued with a reverence for the Mother Country and all she stands for—in fact, the man who decides elections—what would the outlook appear to him? He would see, said my Canadian friend, an England neglectful of its defences, wearily accepting a dramatic decline in its naval strength and a significant subordination in its aerial and military power; he would hear its leaders, both preaching and practising disarmament, while its youth preached pacifism; he would see England, as it would certainly seem to him, about to abandon her Indian Empire and remember that she had only recently and inexplicably surrendered the great bastions of her trade position in China to a passing political adventurer for no reason, and for still less return. He would read the new report on Malaya and see the same symptoms at work there. He would look at Ceylon and see a rich and peaceful island, that yesterday was loyal and prosperous, to-day, by virtue of Government's own policy, turbulent, disloyal and financially depressed. He would look to Australia and observe with anxiety the attempt of Western Australia to leave the Federation; to a similar uneasiness in Natal, and recognize signs of weakness in those great units. He would look with anxiety again on the obscure position in South Africa as a whole. Nearer home, he would see an Ireland of strategic danger on England's flank openly hostile and a base for England's enemies by sea and air. But what troubled him more than all these were the Ottawa Agreements. He had bargained hard, it is true, but had had a blind faith that England would honour, not only the letter, but the spirit of those agreements; and yet he saw timber agreements being eagerly made with Russia in place of

timber agreements with his own country; his protests seemed unheeded and he wondered why England was so careful to placate those that fought against her and so careless to please those that fought for her. And so he turned to wonder if this was the same England that he was brought up to regard as the great and powerful people, who so often had not only ensured the peace of Europe, but by its prestige and influence had given direction to the world's affairs.

Nor indeed is such an anxiety surprising if you contrast the results of French Colonial policy with ours. French colonial policy has succeeded because it has been steady. Very remarkable has been the measure of assent which the French have been able to secure, not only in Morocco and Algiers, but even in Tunis with all its difficulties, and still more remarkable in Indo-China where, attacked by Communists and surrounded by disaffection and disturbed areas, they have, except for the Yen Bay incident two years ago, emerged unscathed and unshaken. They have shown that sure touch that was so markedly ours in old days and is so markedly absent to-day. Is there no moral to be drawn from the fact that France enters no competitors for the Nobel Prize? They leave Mr. Arthur Henderson to win that! The fact, moreover, that the French have selected Mr. Kipling as the recipient for the highest honour which the Académie can offer, is not merely a courtesy or a tribute; it is an act of faith!

Or again, let us look at the Dutch; they have an Asiatic Empire second only in size to our own; we find them almost equally successful. They, like France, are a liberty-loving, a just and a democratic people, and yet they do not think it necessary to yield to the clamour of every extremist agitator or to wreck the steady forward march of their civilizing mission with grants of fancy franchises, as unwelcome to us as they are unwholesome for the peoples of the East.

I cannot recognize any principles at all, still less Conservative principles, in the Indian policy to which our party has been so unhappily committed. All I see is what seems to be a total disregard of our duties in India, as well as of our rights—of trusteeship, of protection, of civilizing influence, the noble and proud heritage of a governing and directing people. Am I to be deemed an obscurantist because I hate this or because I cannot help viewing our task and our mission as bigger than any such considerations? How can we accept that the sum total of the genius of our past pro-consuls, the long line of grave statesmen, soldiers and sailors, from Hastings and Clive to Lansdowne and Curzon; the devoted work of hundreds of thousands of Indians, who have played an important, a loyal and an honourable part in the progress of their country—that the sum total of our time and generation should be, in the name of clamour, so hastily to fasten on the myriad races of India a system of parliamentary government, entirely alien to them, and whose only credential is achieved failure in every Eastern area where it has been tried, all festooned and finished off with a fantastic federation that is condemned by every constitutional lawyer of name and repute. We want India as a happy and willing partner in our Empire. That cannot be achieved by present methods—only discontent and decay, and disruption. All experienced Indian administrators realize the risk.

If we look here at home is it not all of a piece?

Consider for a moment the armed forces of the Crown: What is the policy of the Conservative party—of our Conservative leaders—on the Navy—on which our food supplies depend; on which the communications that vitally connect our scattered family depend? We are fortunate in the personality of our First Lord to-day and grateful for his efforts, but I know no programme of policy deliberately placed before the country—I asked the Central Office not long ago to tell me our leaders'

policy on this great matter and received no reply. Where are the speeches from our leaders which should educate our youth on the question of national defence and of their duties in regard to it? I know of none; are they only to hear speeches on disarmament? Is there no single one of our leaders who has the tact to say to this generation: "Pay your own youth the duty of your dreams"?

Take emigration: Certainly one of the most urgent questions of the day; equally urgent to the Dominions as to us, and to us as to the Dominions. While weeks and months are spent by Ministers at Geneva—a barren silence on this. Principles, constructive statesmanship, all absent, because faith and courage have gone. The difficulties are admittedly enormous; but they have never been faced. If Government since the war had spent on emigration one-tenth of the sum they have spent on the dole, a great social and imperial work could have been achieved. Or again, we knew twenty years ago that the American and German conception of tariff policy depended on the existence of one great free market. Close that market and a convulsion must occur. Properly used and directed, that convulsion was bound to end in our favour. Of two things one: either there would have resulted a lowering of all tariff barriers—a good result—or if economic nationalism had in consequence been intensified—if every nation decided still further to heighten its defences, and play each in its own back garden, then still well, for we had the biggest back garden of all in this Empire of ours to play in. Well, we are in that convulsion to-day, but instead of meeting it clear-eyed and using it for the purpose we always had in view, it finds us hesitant and dismayed—straddled half-way between protection aud free-trade; trying to raise prices and stabilize currency at one and the same time; trying to restore agriculture at home, but to develop our trade with Denmark and Holland simul-

taneously, and at the same time abandoning the whole machinery of the Tariff Board.

Take our Russian policy: The Soviet Government attacks our religion, steals our properties, assaults our officials, sows open sedition throughout our Empire; defiles our children with profane teaching and imprisons our traders. And Mr. Ramsay MacDonald invites M. Litvinoff to lunch! I cannot help feeling that the public must be puzzled, and must be asking whether all this is due to infirmity of purpose—or lack of principle—or possibly to both!

Don't we need something more vital, don't we need to pick up the reins that hang so idly on the horse's neck? If not, grave disaster lies ahead of us in two years' time. One enemy, it is true, has been driven off the field. But remember that, in the smashing of the test tube of Liberalism, there is great danger; for the germs have escaped from their red-labelled tube and are dangerously infecting other parties, so that I sometimes fear lest the Conservative rather than the Socialist party should be left as the sole remaining repository of the Liberal Faith!

The dilution of Conservative principles by Liberal inoculation is a thing that we must watch against. But the main fight is against Socialism! In that fight, there are no pacts, no protocols; no police protected palaces of Peace. In the fight for order against chaos, religion against atheism, reverence against iconoclasm, good fellowship against class war; in this war there are no rest camps: from this war there is no discharge!

Forgive me if on an occasion like this I may seem to have spoken too seriously, but how can one not be imbued with the gravity of the situation. We need not, however, be entirely dismayed and I will tell you why. Every day, up and down this country, there is growing up around us an ever-increasing and gallant company of all ranks—largely composed of youth, some of whose leaders I see here to-night—who are weary of the old party ways,

who want only to see this England of ours, and this Empire of ours, refashioned in courage and rebuilt in strength; who believe that it is not from outside the Empire but from within it that healing shall come, and who forget not the wisdom of old that advised men to drink water from their own cisterns, and running water from their own wells!

But is there not a deeper impulse still by which we are all moved—both young and old? There is surely the memory of the debt we owe to a whole generation of that youth who died for England not so long ago, and to whose faith in the Empire we must each, and all, stand pledged so long as we live. Even to-day we can still catch something of the radiance and simplicity of that faith from the lines that were found in the pocket of a young New Zealander who fell at Anzac. May I tell you them? They are these:—

We cannot tell how goodness springs
From the rude tempest's breath,
Or scan the birth of gentle things
From these red bursts of death.

We only know from good and great
Nothing save good shall flow,
That where the cedar crashed so straight
No crooked tree shall grow.

That from their ruin a taller pride,
Not for those eyes to see,
Shall clothe one day the valley side,
Non nobis Domine.

My Lords and gentlemen, I thank you.

John Galsworthy and George Moore

By Ford Madox Ford

TERRIBLE things—for those to whom terrible things occur in their lives—happen in the last days of January. The heavy drag of winter is then at its most dire and your courage at its lowest, as if in a long four o'clock in the morning of the year. You seem to pass as if you yourself were invisible in the owl light of the deep streets. . . . Between dog and wolf, they say here. It is a good phrase.

Because, through such tenebrousnesses, I made my way to a café where I sat all alone and read that Galsworthy was dead. A week ago it had been George Moore. So the days between—the days of black frost twilight turning to crepuscular thaws—were days between dog and wolf. . . . Between their deaths.

It seemed wrong to be reading of Galsworthy's death in Paris. And, as for me, in tawdry light above tawdry *nouvel art* decorations of a café I much dislike, I saw through the white sheet of paper . . . dull green hoplands rolling away under the mists of the English North Downs; the sunlight falling through the open door of the stable where he used to give me breakfast; the garden of the Addison Road house. It backed on the marvellous coppices of Holland Park and the pheasants used to fly from them into the garden.

He had a dog—an immense black spaniel—that seemed to be more to Galsworthy than his books, his friends, himself. A great, dignified, as if exiled-royal creature. That is why I say between dog and wolf. For, when it came to writing, George Moore was wolf—lean, silent, infinitely swift and solitary. But Galsworthy was the infinitely good, infinitely patient, infinitely tenacious being that guards our sheepfolds and farmsteads from the George Moores. Only, there was only one George Moore.

In one January week the Western World lost its greatest writer—and its best man! So it seemed to be wrong to read about the death of Galsworthy here, before the West begins. With George Moore it mattered less. He was as Parisian of the '70's to '80's as an Anglo-Irishman could be.

The last time I saw him was on the Quai Malaquais. He wandered along before the old book backs, under the grey branches of the plane trees, above the grey Seine. His pale eyes were unseeing in his paler face. They must have seen a Seine and book backs of fifty years before. Sexagenarian greynesses—as when I saw the news of the other death my eyes rested on thirty year old Kentish greennesses.

I stood with my hat in my hand for several seconds. I always stood with my hat in my hand when George Moore passed me in the street, and I think that writers of English should stand with their hats in their hands for a second or two on the anniversaries of a January day in 1933. . . . On that day he was walking very slowly and I waited—as one does when the King goes by—until he was a little way away before I put my hat on again. I don't think he so much as saw me, though he seemed to acknowledge my salute with the most minute sign with the fingers of the hand that hung at his side.

It was as if a ghost had passed—that ghost of a High Priest who had also been a King. I never go along the quays just there without feeling slightly chilled when I remember that it was there that I saw George Moore for the last time. It was just there, too, that I had stood to watch the orators over the coffin of Anatole France. . . .

I was brought up amongst admirers of Mr. Moore. My grandfather thought very highly of his writings on the French Impressionists; my father was one of the earliest to praise "Esther Waters," and later nearly all my young friends patriotically championed Mr. Moore in his claim to be the master of Guy de Maupassant. I did not go as far as that, but I did believe—as I do now—

that Mr. Moore was the only novelist of English blood who had produced a novel that was a masterpiece at once of writing and of form. So in one house or London club or the other, when I found that Mr. Moore was there, I always effaced myself as much as I could. If I had not had so great an admiration for his greatness, his clarity of mind and the chilliness of his temperament, I might have got to know him well, for I saw him often enough . . .

At a later stage I was writing a preface to a volume of translations from Maupassant. Mr. Henry James had told me some singular details about the life and habits of the author of "La Maison Tellier." Conrad had said that these stories were all nonsense. I thought it might clarify my thoughts if I could get myself posted as to the matter upon which James and Conrad disagreed. Moore had lived in Paris in the great age of impressionistic painters and had known all the naturalistic writers of the last decades of the last century. I wrote to Mr. Moore and asked him for information. He ordered me to go and see him. He was in a dressing gown, recovering from influenza in a darkish, rather rich room that I found overheated. He said at once that Maupassant had pilfered his ideas in "Une Vie" and "Bel Ami," and hinted that he had made a very poor job of it as compared with "Esther Waters" and "A Modern Lover." . . . If you put it to me to-day that "Esther Waters" is a greater novel than "Une Vie," I do not suppose that I should deny it, for Maupassant, great as he may have been as a short story writer, was not a novelist *pur sang*. To state that is to deny the gods of my youth, but I was then in the full heat of the Maupassant faith. . . .

It became worse later, for I distinctly chilled him by obstinately stating that I preferred "A Drama in Muslin," he, quite properly, thinking that "Esther Waters" was his masterpiece. But at the moment I had just finished reading the other, and I had read it with a personal enthusiasm for its relative humanity, whereas all the

rest of the Master's novels left me—personally—cold. Intensely admiring—but repelled.

So I have that early image of him, standing rather rigid and grim, chilled and monacal in his long dressing gown. He was dismissing me with one hand on the door-knob of his dim, overheated room. I had at the moment, for the first time, the impression of his extreme pallor. That was owing, possibly, to a shaft of light coming from the passage. And he seemed as aloof as if he had been a denizen of another world, where there was neither sun nor wind. The impression was so strong that I was relieved that he did not remove his hand from the door-knob and offer it to me. . . .

So I remained with the impression of something at once querulous and etiolated. Etiolation is what happens to plants if you grow them in the dark. I felt as if a minor James had called on a blotted Flaubert . . . I have already recorded elsewhere the repulsion that James said he had felt when Flaubert had opened his front door to Turgenev and himself—and in a dressing gown! And Flaubert had bellowed at James. . . . Mr. Moore had a servant to open his front door, and his voice was almost too faint, his dressing gown almost too elegant. Nevertheless he always gave me the impression of being a water colour drawing of the sage of Croisset that, whilst it was still wet, had been nearly bleached with blotting paper. . . .

It was, I fancy, a sort of nervousness engendered by this particular pallor that prevented my making any effort to see any more of the author of "Esther Waters," I called on him once more at his request, and the visit was even more of a failure. I had asked him to give me something for the ENGLISH REVIEW. That had been before Marwood and I had actually started that periodical. I explained that Marwood and I wanted the Review to contain the best writing in the world, so that naturally one came to Mr. Moore at a very early date. We had secured promises of work from Mr. James, Mr. Conrad,

Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne and M. France. I said we were prepared to pay any price an author asked, leaving it to his conscience not to ask much more than his usual prices, so as to leave something for the others. That had worked very well so far.

He said: "You must be in possession of gold like the floods of Pactolus!"

I said: "No. Some authors asked preposterous prices, but some quite distinguished ones asked nothing at all, so it worked very well."

Then he asked me what sort of writing we wanted from him and we got once more to something like icy bickering. It was, of course, my fault. I had just been reading his reminiscences—"Ave Atque Vale," I think—and I had felt such admiration for their beauty of expression and poetry that I said that I liked them infinitely better than anything else he had ever done.

You should never say to a novelist that you prefer his "serious" writings to his fiction. Novel writing is a sport infinitely more exciting than the other form, so that almost all writers would prefer to be remembered by their imaginations than by their records. . . .

I made it all the worse by telling that great man that his "Ave Atque Vale," was infinitely more imaginative than "Evelyn Innes." As imaginative even as "Esther Waters." . . .

I was by then worked into a state of nervous inanity by his mere nearness to me. He was living then in Ebury Street, a neighbourhood that I have always disliked. And I kept looking aside at his pictures and missing what he said.

In the end he said that he was engaged in revising one of his novels, but that if I would ask him again in a month or two he might do something for me. I think he really liked the idea. . . . but to my lasting shame I forgot to write to him and I never saw him alone again.

I suppose it was his aloofness from life that made one always forget George Moore. I have never met a

critic with any pretensions to knowledge of letters who would not acknowledge, when challenged, that Moore was infinitely the most skilful man of letters of his day. The most skilful in the whole world. . . . Yet in an infinite number of reviews and *comptes rendus* of the literature of the world that I have read—and written—George Moore was almost invariably forgotten. That was due, perhaps, to the fact that he belonged to no school in England; perhaps to his want of personal geniality, perhaps to something more subtle.

I was walking along a cold dark boulevard with a critic possessing a delicate discrimination in letters. He said, talking of Galsworthy :—

" He wasn't, at least, wicked like George Moore . . ." Then he checked and exclaimed almost in mental distress : " I don't know why I say that George Moore was wicked. I know nothing against him personally. I have never heard anything against him, and the " Brook Kerith " is one of the most beautiful books in the world. But you know what I mean . . ."

I knew what he meant. It was that something wicked seemed to distil itself from the pages of Moore's books so that whilst you read them you felt, precisely, mental distress. You felt even mentally distressed at merely remembering the writings of George Moore—as if you were making acquaintance of what goes on in the mind behind the glacial gaze of the serpent that is the Enemy of Man. . . .

There was nothing of that sort attaching to John Galsworthy. When you thought of him you thought of green fields in the cool, calm, bright weather of George Herbert. He had a sort of Greek aura as of perfect physical motion accompanying measured speculations in a halcyon atmosphere of eternal youth. . . . .

I at least have never got over the feeling that he was, as Conrad called him, " young Jack " and I cannot bring myself really to believe that he ever had any perturbations of the spirit, though actually I have known

him have—and indeed I have accompanied him through some dark periods. And even at this moment I cannot think of him as other than the Fortunate Youth—happy at once in the lines on which his life was laid and in the occasion of his death. For it is no sorrow to die amidst the still resounding acclamations of a whole planet—and in the same week as George Moore. You may have the feeling that, however Fate may deal hereafter with your name, you are at least one of twin pillars that were the terminal stones—the portals of an age.

I first saw Galsworthy in a sporting club. They told of him there a curious anecdote; the fame of it hung over him like a curious legend so that, though I was not introduced to him for several years, I was accustomed to speculate as to what sort of a fellow he could be.

In those days he was the young man about town—at any rate to all appearances. He seemed to sink into his background—on the grand-stand of a good race meeting, in the stalls of a good theatre, at an afternoon tea in the best of houses—as harmoniously as a thirteenth century madonna sinks into its gold background in a dim, twelfth century, Italian church. He was nevertheless marked out—perhaps because of his legend. I have heard elderly colonels say he was not "sound."

One night a young man—I think it must have been Earl Bathurst or one of the Bathursts—turned up in that club with another young man — Galsworthy. Bathurst wanted to borrow a fiver from somebody. The two had been to the Derby and had done rather well. In the train with them, coming back, there had been a thimble-rigger. Galsworthy had been perfectly aware that the fellow was a swindler. But he obstinately backed himself to discover under which thimble was the pea—which was, of course, under none. With the grim persistence that was the main note of his character he had backed himself, doubles or quits, against the thimble-rigger and his confederates. He had lost his watch and chain, tie-pin, signet ring. So they had come to that

club to borrow money to redeem the watch, which had sentimental associations for Galsworthy, while the thimble-rigger waited in the hall.

Grim persistence. . . . That was what it was. Galsworthy thought that the trick *ought* to be exposed for the benefit of the public. . . . "Ought"—that was even then his great word!

His face seemed to be always just about to smile, the lines of a smile being always about his lips. Actually he smiled a real smile—the product of an emotion rather than of a generally benevolent attitude—only rarely. He was "Devonshire," and proud of being Devonshire, and proud that the chief attribute of the Devonshire man is a surface softness under which lies the grimmest of obstinacies—the velvet glove on a hand of marble. . . . Nevertheless your main impression of Galsworthy would be his smile. . . . And his softness.

In his physique, too, he had those characteristics. He appeared gentle and inactive, as if with a continuous pensiveness. But he had in his youth muscles of iron and, in athletics, the same persistence.

I do not suppose I shall ever forget my surprise just after my first introduction to him. It was at the Pent, when Conrad was stopping with me. I was prepared for something remarkable by Conrad's really radiant expression when he said: "Jack wants to know if he may come down." Then, at the station, appeared the smiling being of the sporting club. I was driving a waggonette with a pretty good mare. He swung his grips over the side of the cart and would not get in because, he said, he wanted some exercise.

I touched up the mare. She was a pretty good goer, aged, but with a strain of Wilfred Blunt's Arab blood. I did not expect to see that fellow again until a quarter of an hour after I got to the house. But there he was, still beside the box-seat, trotting along with the utmost equanimity. And, as if we had been strolling down Piccadilly, he continued conversing . . . about the land

of the Pent, which is a clayey loam in the bottoms till it runs into the chalk of the Downs; and about how the young partridges were coming on; and about Selby Lowndes, the redoubtable Master of the East Kent Hounds, who had once had a trencher fed pack in the Cleveland. Englishmen have to know all these things or they are not "sound." So he trotted the mile and a quarter to the Pent. I felt like Maupassant when the head of Swinburne rose out of the Mediterranean beside his canoe and the poet swam to shore beside him conversing joyously of Anacreon. Conrad told me afterwards that Jack had held the mile record at Oxford for several years. That needs persistence.

I remember I once had a sort of portable pulpit built to write at. Someone had told me that the reason why painters usually live to be old men, whilst writers die relatively young, is that they stand at their work and do not lean over tables, compressing their stomachs and lungs. . . . When Galsworthy saw that pulpit, he must have one too, for he wanted to live at least as long as I. . . . I gave up my monstrosity in a very short time, but he persisted with his for many years. . . . So that the image I have of Galsworthy at work is that of a painter before his easel. In those days he wore a painter's gaberdine when he wrote. Poor Jack!

It is sad to have to say: "Poor Jack!"—he being no longer there. But it comes naturally because, whenever Conrad mentioned him in later years, it was always as "Poor Jack." That was because Galsworthy was so worried about his writing. It did not go very fast in the early days. The life social still had its lure for him; he was not very sure of where, as a writer, he was going. He was grimly determined to produce novels, but he was at first hampered and a little depressed by the influence of Conrad, who knew well enough where *he* was going.

He still worried in our Campden Hill days, say in 1903. His friends and parents jeered at the idea of his writing. Campden Hill, in the royal borough of Kensing-

ton, was like a high-class Greenwich, in which all the artists should be wealthy, refined, delicate and well-born. It was high in the air. In its almost country roads you met ladies all of whom wore sable coats—or at least sable stoles; and admirable children all bursting with health; and Whistler and Abbey and Henry James. . . .

I lived myself in a house on the very top of the Hill. Galsworthy in a stable just on the other side of the great, covered-in reservoir. It was, of course, a converted stable; very beautifully appointed and suitable for a young bachelor of means and slightly romantic tastes. Here he used to give me those admirable English breakfasts two or three times a week, to the accompaniment of gleaming silver and hissing tea urns, with, as I have said, the sunlight shining in through the open door. For myself I have always hated comfort and all its accompaniments, but here something ascetic mingled with the tempered luxury and I used to sit there feeling like a pleased fish-wife who had got into the basement of a palace. . . .

There came the mental crash. He crossed his Rubicon. I can place the very agitating day, and after that Galsworthy was no more the young bachelor about town even in appearance. Nor was he any longer Poor Jack. He had got religion, and his path was plain.

He never looked back, and gradually our ways parted. I still saw a great deal of him. We still lived close together, but now down the Hill. I could see the beggars and hard cases from my windows, going from my office of the ENGLISH REVIEW, round the corner, to Galsworthy's doorstep that was never without its suppliants. My hard cases were all of the literary sort, such as come to the office of a journal and go on to a Galsworthy. But he had innumerable others. His charities were inexhaustible.

He was helpful with the ENGLISH REVIEW, but I always thought he was not very approving. That organ was too distinctly literary and in no way either philanthropic or propagandist of social reorganization. I used

to go for morning constitutionals with him and Gilbert Cannan. Occasionally with Ezra, across the park to Hyde Park Corner. And always Galsworthy would be rather wistfully suggesting that I should print the work of someone who wanted to reform something—the poor laws, the relations of the sexes. . . . It was curious the difference there was between his proposal for a number and that which I eventually printed. You would have said that it was impossible that Literature could have two such opposed faces.

The difference was that Galsworthy believed that humanity could be benefited by propaganda for virtue of a Christian order, whereas I believed that humanity can only be brought to ameliorate itself if life, as it is, is presented in terms of an art. And the business of art is not to elevate humanity, but to render. . . . Those are the two schools of thought that have eternally divided humanity, and no one in the end will ever know which will win out.

Yet it used to fill me with amazement to see Galsworthy at work—the grim persistence with which he made point after point, the dog-like tenacity with which he held to his thesis. He would ponder for hours and hours. Then the little rabbits would creep out to die after the battues; the law-parted lovers would feel the thumbscrews pinching tighter; the convicts batter on their cell doors until the cruel stupidity of men and their institutions was shown at its apogee—and beyond.

I think that that method is better for plays than for other forms, and possibly, at long last, it is by his plays that Galsworthy will be remembered. At any rate for me, "The Silver Box" and "Joy" were things of rapturous delight when I first saw them and they remain like bright patches in my memory after more than a lustre. In them his extraordinary genius for contrasting anti-thesis with anti-thesis—his extraordinary gift for sticking to a situation till the last shred of drama was extracted from it—was never thrown away and never grew

monotonous. And the structure, even of his propaganda plays, was almost always impeccable.

He could even keep within his *cadre* with sureness of touch. I remember that, after the second performance of "The Silver Box," he was a good deal worried about the curtain to one of his scenes—the one in which a child is heard crying, outside the house in which its mother has been arrested. He thought that this did not come over—that there was no *clou* to the scene. He sketched several endings and rejected them. The point was that a middle-class woman, amiable but insensitive, had had the mother of the child arrested on the wrongful suspicion of having stolen the silver cigarette box. The child, finding that its mother did not come home, hung to the railings outside the open window and cried for her, and the scene ended on the sound of the wailing.

I finally suggested that the middle-class woman might send the child out a slice of cake. For the first time in his life I found Jack become really heated. He came out of the depths of his abstraction to say that that was an atrocious suggestion. The woman was a decent, well brought-up mother. Her maternal instincts —the maternal instincts of any woman—would let her know that a slice of cake was not a fitting substitute for a mother's care. . . . So perhaps his detachment from the class that he so constantly held up to scorn was not so absolute as it might seem.

On one of our walks I asked him—just when we were crossing a road—what had become of someone we had both known years before.

He exclaimed :

" Oh, poor man, his sister's married a working man ! "

But as soon as we were on the opposite pavement he said determinedly—

" Of course, there is no reason why one's sister should not marry a working man. But with poor Dash's notions it is very disagreeable to him."

The last time I saw him was at one of those attempts

to establish an entente between Anglo-Saxon and French writers over which he admirably shed his aureole. Curiously enough it was in Paris. The French loved him for his admirable presence, his old world dignity, his aureole, and his charming French, that was hesitant only because of his modesty. And standing, dominating that crowd of hard-shelled Gallic writers as a white swan might float over an assembly of black herons, he told them that, if he had any skill in letters, it came from France. It came from a long discipleship to Flaubert and Maupassant and Anatole France . . . and to Turgenev and Conrad, who themselves had learned all that they knew of writing from French writers.

It was curious and touching to hear that valiant pronouncement.

Tins, Pots, Packets and Bottles!

By Sir Leo Chiozza Money

TINS, pots, packets and bottles! Or, if one thinks it sounds any better, bottles, packets, pots and tins! I am about to make a frontal attack upon all these things as devices of the devil, but there shall be no denunciation here of the bottle as container or preserver or treasurer of *honest* wine or beer. As a very moderate drunkard, I am content to leave the discussion of alcohol to better qualified persons. I am concerned with a matter of far greater importance, the rapidly growing and much advertised employment of tins, pots, packets and bottles to waste no small part of the national income upon extravagantly priced morsels of manufactured, doctored, adulterated and devitalized foods.

There is also, as an important side issue, the complementary use of tins, pots, packets and bottles to hold various mucks, also pushed by costly advertisements, offered to the unfortunate consumers of ill-chosen food to repair the ills that ill-fed flesh is heir to.

The British people have become so largely town-dwellers that the great majority of them could not be trusted to name a score of common trees if (a most unlikely thing) they were introduced to them. Four out of five are town-dwellers, and of these, as has been pointed out by Professor C. B. Fawcett, roundly a half are crowded into seven small spots! Thus, the fair land of Britain, so often said to be overcrowded, is left in solitude and stagnation; a little investigation shows that even our two million motorists almost entirely confine themselves to travelling by the shortest possible routes between the crowded small spots. The by-roads, like the fields, are empty.

This concentration of artificial life in small areas has terrible social and biological consequences. Children have become an awful nuisance, and are ceasing to appear; the Government Actuary tells us that the elementary schools of England and Wales will lose a million children

in the next fifteen years! Other natural functions are also changing, and all the traditional lore of mothering and food preparation has disappeared. A country inn, proud of ancient oak beams and self-conscious about its Elizabethan origin, is not ashamed to offer you an imitation apple-pie or a "fruit salad" turned out of a tin.

The people, so largely removed from contact with Nature, increasingly consume artificial foods because they save time (to be otherwise wasted) and because of the continual spur of lavish advertising, all of which has to be paid for by the debilitated consumers. I often reflect with grim amusement upon the fact that the birds in my garden aviaries would reject with instinctive and proper scorn the costly preparations upon which millions of town-dwellers squander their money.

It would be bad enough if the tinned, potted, packeted and bottled foods formed a proper diet, for on the score of price alone the artificial food system is to be condemned. The majority of our people earning or drawing individual incomes have less than £3 a week, and a family of such income has good need to practise real economy and seek a real diet. It is clear, however, from the enormous sale of tins, pots, packets and bottles that the masses, the earners of small incomes, purchase great quantities of prepared food, and thus rob themselves of good value while contributing to swollen profits.

Whether in meat, fish, fruit or vegetables, the container offers exceedingly poor value. The retail profit made by selling a tin is far greater than the value of the food in the tin. There is no dearer way of acquiring food. Even in the case of fresh vegetables, the margin that stands between the producer and the consumer is indefensible; in the case of canned vegetables it becomes grotesque. Thus, too, with fish. Some time ago the sardine people published details of the extraordinary contrast that obtained between the value of the fish in the tin and the price for which the tin was sold retail; it

was shown that the fish accounted for an almost negligible part of the price, which was chiefly composed of intermediate wholesale and retail profits, the tin itself, the printed labels, overhead charges, and so forth.

Not only peas and asparagus, but the commoner vegetables are now offered in expensive tins. Lately I have noticed potatoes and even turnips canned for sale! It is not at all amusing to think that a fraction of a pennyworth of turnips is sold to an ignorant and careless housewife at a profit beyond the dreams of avarice.

Trade, which so often regards figures and margins as of much more importance than the things for which they irrationally stand, rejoices in the great profits that accrue from the sale of these articles. To handle tins, pots, packets and bottles is a feeble process, calling for the exercise of neither skill nor intelligence. All that is needed is a stack of containers and a sufficient sale. The retailer looks to the producer to procure him sales by free advertising. The advertisement persuades the housewife to ask for the article. It has then merely to be handed over the counter at a big margin of profit. How admirable a process, and how much better suited to town wits than the preparation of good fresh food!

The production of containers is now to be counted not in millions but in tens of millions, and their sale accounts for a considerable and growing part of household expenditure.

The margin that stands between producer and consumer is a very serious thing. Always large, it continues to grow with the growth of the trade in tins. A big margin of guaranteed profit is an inducement to the retailer to stock canned food, and often there is definite agreement upon the size of the margin. The growth of margin corresponds with the amazing growth of distributive agents revealed by the register of persons insured against unemployment, which shows that we have now two millions of distributive employees, to say nothing of employers, uninsured employees, independent distributors,

wholesalers, agents, clerks, advertising agents, etc. It is a fallacy to suppose that the figure standing for the remuneration of this host of middlemen represents wealth; in fact, it stands in very large part for the waste of labour, for the frustration of production.

The manufacture of the tins, pots, packets and bottles, mounting rapidly year by year, represents in very large part an enormous waste of good material. I say in very large part because I am not unmindful of the fact that there must be proper wrapping and proper preservation of foods in transit. Making all allowance for this factor, however, it remains true that the putting up of little scraps of food in extravagant parcels carries with it a class of industry which is the economic equivalent of digging a hole and filling it up again. Nay, it is worse than that, for it entails the incontinent waste of good materials which might be used in the manufacturing of much-needed articles.

Not infrequently the tin, together with its labels and printing, represents a greater value than the food substance it holds; this must be so in the case of the common commodities which are now so freely turned into precious retail margins. Iron, tin, solder, paper, ink, colour, machinery, printing—these things are lavished upon the raising of fresh food to the stale dignity of the container. To all this waste has to be added the expenditure of labour and material in the vast business of competitive advertising, a business which, as things are going, will soon come to employ in our country a larger number of people than are actually employed in growing food. Indeed, why grow food for no profit when one can import barrels of stale fruit-pulp and turn it into lovely red British jam, thoroughly well advertised?

Unfortunately, the containers do not disappear when their contents are consumed. They have become a public nuisance. The consumption of tins, pots, packets and bottles, even in country districts, has become so great that it is almost impossible to get away from

discarded containers. The local authority usually collects them to form a dump for the better housing of vermin. It is astonishing to find that even in a small district containing a few thousand people an enormous dump is quickly formed. Uncollected specimens are left to rust away as they litter the countryside by the thousand.

All this is to deal merely with economic waste. It is bad to contemplate the wife of a clerk, earning only 50*s.* a week, spending her small household allowance in purchasing little doses of prepared food at wicked prices. It is worse to recall that the food purchased is not good natural fresh food—the undoctored, untainted material required for the renewal, for the repair, of the human body.

I had promised to write this article, and was about to begin it, when *The Times* published, in its issue of June 13, a very striking letter by Dr. G. Arbour Stephens, Consulting Cardiologist of the Welsh National Memorial Association for Tuberculosis, directing attention to the lack of what he calls a " national food conscience." What good feeding can do for a race he illustrates for us by the melancholy contrast which obtains between the returns for rickets and bad teeth in a Gentile school and a Jewish school in the same poor district. Where the Gentile children are found rickety as to 50 per cent., and with bad teeth as to 60 per cent., the Jewish children are found rickety as to 7 per cent. and with bad teeth as to 25 per cent. In a better class district, the Gentile children were found with bad teeth as to 38 per cent., while the Jewish children were returned at 11 per cent. The bad teeth of the British people amount, indeed, to a grave reproach. This is not a matter of poverty; it is a matter of bad feeding. Thus, in Italy, which ranks as a " poor " country, the common people have splendid teeth and clean mouths, whereas in England, to put the matter in the most comfortable way, the facts are as indicated in the figures that have just been quoted.

And who can doubt that it was more lack of knowledge

than lack of means that gave us in the war those dreadful national service returns showing that out of nearly 2½ million examinations and re-examinations made between November 1, 1917, and October 31, 1918, only one in three were found to be men enjoying the full normal standard of health and strength, while 41 per cent. had either marked physical disabilities or were totally and permanently unfit. It is urged here that every enlargement of the artificial food trade must increase the proportion of physical disability.

This leads us from the question of economic waste to the physical aspect of a very serious subject. It is not merely that the tins, pots, packets and bottles are wasteful of income in a high degree; it is worse that they are deficient in food value.

Unfortunately, our law as it stands does not prevent any enterprising person from doctoring food with colour, if he refrains from using dyes known to be "poisonous." There is nothing to prevent a tin or bottle of preserved peas from being stained with aniline dyes. I recently took the trouble to submit to the Ministry of Health a quantity of green matter derived from a can of preserved peas. I was informed in reply that the quantity of material I forwarded was too small for examination, upon which I made rejoinder that the Ministry could very easily obtain any desired quantity of the objectionable colouring matter by buying some more of the tins. I was also given the following official information: "It is a common trade practice to treat canned peas with certain aniline dyes not prohibited by the Preservatives Regulations in order that their colour may approximate to that of fresh peas."

I do not myself believe that any proper authority exists for the conclusion that to dose the human alimentary canal with repeated applications of aniline dye can be otherwise than injurious, and apart from that point, it is surely reprehensible and opposed to public policy that a manufacturer should be allowed to stain or paint

or dye a stale vegetable to make it look fresh. The supply of an adequate quantity of fresh vegetable food is very important in human diet, and nothing should be done to prevent it. *The law does actively prevent it when it allows the tinting of stale foods.*

The employment of colouring matters to improve the appearance of foodstuffs sold for human consumption is governed by the Public Health (Preservatives, etc., in Food) Regulations, 1925–1927, and the Food and Drugs (Adulteration) Act of 1928. Under the regulations are given schedules of certain colouring matters, the use of which is prohibited. A number of metallic colouring matters derived from antimony, arsenic, cadmium, chromium, copper, mercury, lead and zinc may not be used at all. Gamboge is barred, and five coal-tar colours are on the prohibited list. Generally, the matter is governed not only by these definite prohibitions, but by the provision that no person shall mix, colour, stain or powder any article of food with any ingredient " so as to render the article injurious to health." As the Ministry of Health holds that aniline greens are not injurious to health, a large amount of aniline green is administered to our population. The results are unknown, but positively they cannot be good, and negatively they injure the public health by suggesting that preserved green food is as good as fresh.

The processes of metabolism by which dead food is built up into living tissue are still most imperfectly understood, and they take a deadly responsibility who allow the diet of a great population to be tampered with even while it is raised in price most extravagantly. It cannot be good for the subtleties of transformation to be jeopardized by ignorant producers whose only concern is to make the largest possible profit out of selling tiny parcels of impoverished food. It is truly important to erase the slums and to house our people decently, but food is even more important than housing, as we realize when we see a dozen glorious fledglings emerge from the

deep recess of a tom-tit's nest-hole. The tits take to wing beautiful and in abounding health and strength because they have been abundantly fed with natural food; their deep, dark, ill-ventilated hole has gone for nothing. We may derive a similar lesson from a curious fact recently brought to light in more than one quarter, that the rehousing of slum dwellers may easily be accompanied by a rise in their death-rate *because they become able to buy less food through having to pay higher rents.* There is sound sense in what Dr. Arbour Stephens writes:

> No amount of rearrangements of the superstructures by those who are so ridiculously designated "supermen" will be of any national value if our foundations are neglected. Let us get back to simple nature and realize that nature and God, in and through nature, intended us to manure our own cabbage patches and to feed ourselves on home-grown foods which are chemically suited to the chemical compositions of our bodies.

For my part, I would stem the production of the tin-can by stimulation and organization of the production and consumption of fresh food. No form of effort is more necessary in our land. To an extent unknown in any other country, we neglect the most truly vital of all industries. It is not only a matter of agricultural organization, but of marketing, and of elementary education in the structure and nature of the human body and its need for good and simple food. I hold it to be true that the average individual, well instructed in these things, can live long in the possession of thoroughly efficient faculties, and retain unabated vigour at an age commonly deemed elderly. For a nation of many millions of people, the aggregate of lost years and lost health, wasted in stupidities of diet, is a thing of enormous dimensions. The growth of canning and potting and packing is in some quarters acclaimed as a great contribution to national industry; I think it is rather to be regarded as a sad diversion of income and as a frustration of proper feeding.

Non Angelus

By Elton Ede

HAROLD ANGLE was depressed. He had been bowling, on and off, the whole day to a lot of very depressing batsmen, for his County was playing the Champions from the North.

Hour after hour their solid professionals, getting well down over their bats, had done little more than sneer at the inswingers which he bowled to a leg-trap. A lesser bowler would have been well pleased with his figures (34 overs, 14 maidens, 54 runs, 3 wickets), but he knew that they flattered him and that he had been out of form. The only consolation was that his side had done pretty well and that to-morrow would be an easy day, for the Champions had dropped nine wickets for two hundred and sixty. But then his own team would, ten to one, be all out before tea, and he would finish up just as tired to-morrow as he was to-day.

The second day's play turned out rather better than he expected, for his side got to within forty runs of the Champions' total; but he was soon to be plunged into gloomy resentment again. During the day more than one of the other side mentioned the *Northern Chronicle* to him and suggested that it was about time he settled down and bought a pub, or otherwise hinted that he was a spent force. So when the day's play was over he went along to the public library and read the offending Press Notice of the previous day.

"The cricket here has not proved worthy of its setting. From the pavilion one can see across the green fields to the silver ribbon which is the river; away to the West, the Cathedral is an enchanting substitute for our Northern factory chimneys. The day too has been warm and sunny, full of the sweet hope with which we await high summer; but the game itself has been lifeless, and what impression one retains of the play is negative. The burly Angle bowled over after maiden over till even his leg-trap fell a-yawning, yet, truth to tell, he seems to

have lost his zest for the job. It is as though he begins to feel the exertion of working up fifteen stone of honest flesh into rapid motion. His control of length and swerve is still that of the master, but the old fire is lacking; age is beginning to take its toll. The Northern batsmen adopted the policy of anxious defence which Angle has forced upon them in previous seasons, and they let many a shortish ball go unpunished that should have been banged through the leg-side field."

This confirmed his worst fears, and by the next morning he felt so old that it would not have surprised him to be told that he would be "rested" for a game or two. He came down to the ground prepared to bowl the sort of stuff that makes batsmen believe they are almost the equal of Hobbs, for there was no more spirit left in him. He would meekly have agreed with the two old countrymen who were discussing him just before the start of the third day's play.

"Old Angle isn't bowling so well as he did last year, Sam!"

"That he isn't George, not by a piece."

"What do you put that down to, now?"

"Well he's getting on; but he's not so old. He's too easy going and good-natured like. He wants stirring up proper."

"Stirring up?"

"Yes, getting his temper up. Give me a bad-tempered washerwoman and a bad-tempered bowler too, so long as he isn't a slow bowler. If old Harold was to be made real mad he'd surprise you, and that's a fact."

"Easier said than done with a comfortable body like 'Arold."

Yet there was an easy way to make him "real mad." As a boy he had sung in his village choir—and inevitably he had been called Herald Angel. Big boys took a delight in forcing him to sing verse after verse of the hymn in question, holding him meanwhile by the hair of his head, and pulling it torturingly if his voice faltered. So he came

to hate his nickname with savage intensity, and as he grew in strength regarded it as a deadly insult to be avenged with swift blows. Most nicknames die a natural death, but the memory of this one was kept evergreen by its context. Only the previous winter, Angle had rushed out of his house and frightened some innocent children, who had made an unfortunate choice in Christmas carols, half out of their wits.

As Angle bowled the first over of the day, a newsboy entered the ground with copies of the new local paper, only in the third week of its existence. He wandered round the ring watching the game and occasionally making an attempt to sell his papers.

Suddenly Sam turned to George and said, "Old Angle's bowling like he used to—just look how that one nipped off; and he looked as if he was born tired five minutes ago. Something's happened to him."

"What did he do then, Sam? Shook his fist at where that boy is selling papers it seemed to me."

"Yes, and there's the Captain come up to him and he's turned his back on him. Oh he's got his dander up and no mistake. I tell you what, George; I'll bet you a tanner he takes six wickets to-day."

"Done with you; but they'll declare before he can do it."

"No, I don't think they will, not if he sets about them like this. There, he's bowled Thackeray with a yorker—a quick one if you like. I'll bet you another tanner we get them out."

"I'll take you, Sam; and to save you losing any more money I'll stand you a pint if we wins the match."

Sam was right about the newsboy, who was calling out "Herald. Paper." But the long "a" and the cadence of his voice meant only one word to Angle; and in his present morbid state not even the sight of the newspapers would have shaken his passionate conviction that the boy was yelling "Herald Angel" at him for all the crowd to hear. His rage was increased by the

broad smile on Thackeray's face (which had been caused by his partner's preposterous suggestion in dumb show that he should draw back and cut Angle. He, a Northern professional; and to cut balls that swung outside your legs!) At once Angle transferred a fair share of hate to him.

"Think it's funny, don't you?" he muttered. "Well I just hate the sight of your silly face; and I'll make you laugh on the other side of it in a minute." But he did not seem to like the faces of succeeding batsmen any better, for every few minutes the insulting cry would be raised again from different parts of the crowd. Soon Angle decided that there was some sort of conspiracy afoot—"Think you'll put me off, a lot of mucky Northerners like you; and that Northern Chronicle man he's the worst of the lot of you. Laughing at me, are you? I'd like to give him just one punch on the nose—only one—and then see if he'd called me Herald Angel or get boys to do it for him. I must see what I can do to learn you."

A reporter who was telephoning a message for the early evening papers half an hour later may be quoted verbatim, for it is he and such as he that furnish the average man with all his information about games in progress—

"After an uneventful beginning the game suddenly underwent a sensational turn when Angle began an inspired spell of bowling by knocking back Thackeray's leg peg. Two overs later he successfully appealed against Roberts for obstruction, and in his next over but one by dismissing three batsmen in succession with consecutive balls he had the distinction of accomplishing the hat trick. This is the first occasion that this feat has been successfully performed this season. Angle has so far conceded no more than eleven runs, his full analysis reading—

"8 overs, 3 maidens, 11 runs, 5 wickets. The attack at the other end has not met with the same success, but the batsmen are being made to fight for every run, the

only boundary in the first hour's play being an off-drive off Harper. Reverting to Angle, it is noticeable that the wily bowler is employing every trick in his repertoire and is indeed displaying cunning worthy of his name."

The *Northern Chronicle* report on the same happenings, besides being technically informative, make an interesting contrast in style—

"The Champions have been beaten at last! For the best part of three seasons they had not suffered defeat, so that we were beginning to fancy them invincible; and now they have been beaten not so much by a county as by a single man, Angle. He has humbled me as well as the Northern team, for did I not write that he had lost his zest for the game? Well, I am very happy to make him my apologies and to congratulate him on his superb bowling. He got no particular help from the wicket which was so easy that the three competent bowlers who were tried at the other end might well have been Noakes, Stokes and Thompson. Yet he worked up something approaching authentic speed through the air, and often the ball seemed to gather pace from the pitch. He showed all the time the *temper* which makes a great bowler. The chill antagonism of a Spofforth was in every action, and his run to the wicket had all the eager fire of youth. Once more we saw batsmen who have played in Test Matches with distinction slamming down desperate bats at the last instant to smother his terrible yorker—even so, Thackeray was too late. Again he would get men leg before with a ball whose impact sent them limping from the field; while to play forward was to risk a snick to his leg-slip, or if the ball hung a little, to pop it into the hands of forward short-leg. Our cricket is sophisticated to a point where it is not the bowler's normal ball that gets him wickets but the ball which is different. In Angle's case the inswinger is his normal ball, the cunningly disguised straight ball being the variant, and so cunning was the disguise that three of our batsmen had their leg stumps taken clean out of the

ground while playing a swerve which had no objective reality. We had a hint of catastrophe early in the innings when he yorked Thackeray and had Roberts leg-before, but the rout did not really begin till the innings was three-quarters of an hour old. Then, with the score at 27, he deceived and bowled Wilson, had Lewis leg-before to his next ball, and completed the hat trick by cutting the ball so sharply that it pitched on Hunt's leg stump and hit the top of the off-stump. He dismissed the tail with gestures of contempt; and when the last wicket fell, the score was 59. On a pitch that showed no signs of wear Angle had taken nine wickets for twenty-two runs.

Victory was now with the home county for the taking; they needed but to make one hundred runs; yet this they almost failed to do. At half-past three their eighth wicket fell with ten runs still required, and it was left to Angle to win the match off his own bat . . ."

The newsboy had hung on every ball of the innings, forgetting such things as papers, till, seeing the scoreboard (95—8—3) he suddenly realized that in a few minutes the match must be over and his chance of selling papers gone. As the bowler turned for his run up he raised his cry on the leg boundary, "Herald, Paper; Herald, Paper." Angle, waiting for the ball, was moved to murder. As the bowler swung his arm he stepped across his wicket and smote cross-batted at the ball with every ounce of his weight behind the blow. The stroke was perfectly timed and the ball went away like a shot out of a gun. Angle had just time to call after it, "I hope it kills yer," before it whizzed by the heads of the crowd —it made the newsboy, for one, duck—and crashed through the windscreen of a car. The catastrophic noise of smashing glass was sweet music to Angle's ears.

"Who's got the laugh now?" said he, but his voice was drowned in the roar of applause for the winning hit as the crowd began to rush on to the field. The wicket-keeper patted him on the shoulder—

"Splendid. Come along"; but Angle, rooted to the

spot, replied, " I'm a cricketer, that's what I am; there's nothing funny about that I hope ——— "

Then the crowd got him and cut short his reflections. He was hoisted off the ground on to men's shoulders, buffeted by congratulatory hands, robbed of his bat, but made to hold an old bowler hat into which everyone seemed to be throwing money. He progressed perilously round the ground, and a quarter of an hour later gained the shelter of the pavilion, breathless and a good deal battered, with fifteen pounds odd of hard cash in a stranger's hat. His bewildered mind was just grasping the fact that there had been some terrible misunderstanding, now miraculously set right. He saw that he was the hero of the day; and a rich confused happiness filled his soul . . .

Twenty minutes later, in " The King's Arms," our old friend Sam lifted a pint tankard on high. " Harold Angle," he said, " God bless 'im," and drank deep.

A Countryman's Diary

By A. G. Street

June 16th.

DROVE up to Worcestershire to-day, a journey which took me through three counties, in all of which grass predominates. England is becoming more and more a green and pleasant land despite the misguided efforts of the modern Canutes, who remain seated in the grain-growing chair, crying " Halt " to the natural progress of British farming. While they will not necessarily get their feet wet if they sit there much longer, they will get them sticky, for their idol, wheat, to-day possesses, both literally and metaphorically, feet of clay. Clay may make bricks, but a wheat policy will build no Jerusalem in rural England.

June 17th.

Went through the Pershore plum country to-day. It always pleases me to see a district which produces mainly perishable products. Worcestershire seems to be chiefly concerned with fruit, vegetables, meat and milk. Most of the grass farms have their small proportion of arable, which is used to produce the necessary straw. There are some open-air dairies on Bredon Hill, and by all accounts they are a success. If Housman had known this such courage would surely have inspired him to write of winter time on Bredon, when conditions must be very different to what they were this afternoon.

June 22nd.

The thatcher finished the last hayrick to-day, so 140 acres is safe for next winter, but the remaining twenty acres are still out, as it has rained and thundered every day since Sunday. Well, there it will stay until the weather changes its tune. If you can't make hay cheaply in these days, it is better not to make it at all. " First loss is best loss," my father used to tell me, and so I have not touched this last lot of hay. Once you move hay in catchy weather, you have spent money to

do harm. Let it lie until the weather is settled, and then get a move on, not before.

June 24th.

We had a bad thunderstorm to-day, and the rain came down in torrents. This weather is bad for the later districts, where they have a lot of hay cut but very little carried. One of my men says that rain breeds thunder, and that thunder breeds rain. Just now I wish that they would both go to a birth control clinic. Still, it's good weather for top dressing, so we gave the sugar beet a dose of sulphate of ammonia to-day, two hundredweights per acre.

June 25th.

The papers are full of the Economic Conference just now. Most of them prophesy immediate world chaos if it breaks down. I should like to bet that it will break down, and that the world will wobble along in just the same way as it is doing now. To-day, owing to mechanization there is such a margin between need and production that the bad administration generally escapes the consequence of its folly. The whole thing boils down to the monetary problem, and I cannot see the Conference finding a solution to that as there are too many conflicting interests. Two things seem to stand out in connection with this question. One, that the world's currency should be based neither on gold, silver, or any other metal, but on goods, as its real purpose is to effect easy exchange of these. Two, that owing to the increased volume of world goods there should be a greater volume of currency. Dr. Johnson, a sound old Tory, put this last very neatly when he said, "It is to no purpose to tell me that eggs are a penny a dozen in the highlands; that is not because eggs are plentiful, but because pence are few."

June 27th.

Carried the remainder of my hay crop to-day, so that's that. This last rick is of very inferior quality, but

we may get the sort of winter when it will come in handy. The other day I went to a farm where I saw two car-sweeps keeping three men busy pitching silage into an elevator. I had heard that these sweeps would sweep freshly-cut grass, but had scarcely credited it. Still, seeing is believing, and if we get a wet season from now on, I shall have a go at some silage. I know nothing about it, but farming is a progressive education.

June 28th.

Went to town to broadcast. Most people's conversation full of the Conference—"Can they find a solution to the monetary problem?" "What will Roosevelt do?" and "Can they put up the price of primary commodities?" By solving the first they will automatically solve the last, and I have a notion that Mr. Roosevelt has a clearer view of both these problems than anybody else. If the members of the Conference would worry more about price stabilization and less about exchange stabilization they might achieve something really worth while.

June 29th.

Had a visitor to-day, who said that he had never seen the source of a river, and that he would like to do so. There is one a few miles from my farm, so I took him to see it. We traced the little stream right back to where the water oozed gently out of the earth. Somehow these elemental things are impressive. That trickle of water was the beginning of great things. All down the ages man has appreciated the bounty of a river and respected her power. He may bit and bridle her with his mills, and dams, and sluices, and these may delay her progress a little, but he cannot stop her. Slowly, but surely, she flows to her appointed destiny the sea.

July 1st.

The heat is here with a vengeance, and the later hay in the district is being got together rapidly. My

staff and I seem to be out of a job now that our feverish haymaking rush is over. Still, there are ricks to be fenced, meadows to be trimmed, the sugar beet to be kept clean—weeds have grown apace since the rain—and countless other jobs to do. Even on a mainly grass farm, work can be found at any season of the year without much difficulty. We have put away our haymaking tackle this week. A farmer must have a considerable amount of capital sunk in implements which are only used for perhaps one fortnight in the year, and it pays to look after them. If you neglect this they will rust out long before you wear them out.

July 4th.

In my opinion to-day will go down in future school-books as a turning point in the world's history. Mr. Roosevelt has come down on the side of the angels, or rather on the side of price stabilization as against exchange stabilization. He wants a dollar which will have the same purchasing and debt-paying power a generation hence as to-day. As a farmer I want a pound possessing the same sterling qualities. Of course, this policy will be opposed violently. The vested interests in many countries will howl their disapproval. Maybe the World Economic Conference will break down. Even if it does, there won't be any immediate world chaos, but only a little more misery for a good many people, with the result that later there will be yet another conference when an attempt to bring about Mr. Roosevelt's wish will be the sole object. And this one will succeed in God's good time. Now that Mr. Roosevelt has decided to force a decision between price stabilization and exchange stabilization I shall sleep more soundly.

July 5th.

I wonder what will be the N.F.U.'s attitude to Mr. Roosevelt's policy? It is obviously one which they should support wholeheartedly. A farmer lives by producing goods, and unless a given quantity of goods are

always worth a similar amount of currency he is fighting a losing battle. A currency based on a schedule of goods would mean that everybody in the country would be on piecework, and therefore would be paid according to their proportionate value. This state of things would not suit a lot of people in the country to-day—piecework has no charm for the inefficient or the lazy—but it would be the salvation of the farming industry and all other producing industries. Surely the N.F.U. could find room in their long list of resolutions to place one in support of Mr. Roosevelt's attitude.

July 7th.

Seventy members of the Canadian Authors' Association visited Salisbury to-day, and were entertained by His Worship the Mayor. Their president, Mr. Ralph Connor, in reply to the Mayor's welcome, spoke of the beauty of the English countryside. "You have something which we have not got," he said, "and something which we envy you. Your hedgerows and your green pastures." To my mind the rural charm of our country is an important national asset, and when we try to develop our farming industry, we should always be very careful to preserve this charm as far as is possible. Mechanized grain-growing has no use for hedgerows or for any rural beauty, neither will it bring any lasting financial prosperity to our farming industry. Animal husbandry, on the other hand, will preserve our hedgerows and other beauties of the countryside, and also pay us much better.

July 8th.

The corn harvest is drawing rapidly nearer. I saw some winter oats to-day, which are beginning to turn colour. The rooks were busy in them, too, which is a sure sign that there is some grain in the heads. I have no corn this season, but with luck I shall have some next year. I have a pasture which is not a success, and I want some straw for thatch, so I have decided to break it up, take a crop of wheat, and sow it down again with a

different mixture. I have a hatred of cocksfoot grass, but this field is at the top of my farm, and it will not grow ryegrass satisfactorily. I must dig into this question of a more suitable seeding than the last. That land, I know, will grow cocksfoot, and I am thinking of cocksfoot and sainfoin, as both come to hay early. The price of wheat is immaterial; I shall grow this wheat simply and solely because the economic needs of my farm require it, and that should be the only reason for wheat-growing in this moist climate. Incidentally, a profitable animal husbandry in this country would grow more grain than we are at present growing.

July 9th.

There seems to be little news of the milk scheme, save that some of the leading distributing companies appear to have given it their blessing. Manufacturing milk is to-day worth only 5d. at the sender's station. The low price for this milk is chief trouble in the industry. If the price were 7d. what a lot of farming problems would be solved from John o' Groat's to Land's End. To suggest that sufficient protection should be given to effect this will be to lay myself open to the charge that I have a bow and arrow type of mind. That may be, but the land of this country is here and it cannot be destroyed, thank heaven. We have got to do something with it, and as it is not sufficient to feed our population, surely we should develop to the maximum its production of products best suited to our climatic conditions, and so reduce our bill for imported food as far as possible. I cannot find a description for the type of mind which values a million pounds' worth of international trade more highly than a similar amount of internal trade. At least, nothing printable!

Messiahs and Machines

By F. Yeats-Brown

WHAT is to be the end of the Communist experiment: will it succeed, and conquer the world, or split up into fragmentary groups, or subside into State Capitalism with a new aristocracy of technicians? Even during a month's visit, such as I made last summer to Leningrad, Moscow, Nijni-Novgorod, and the collective farms of the Ukraine, one was able to sense the play of Asiatic minds with the dangerous mechanical toys of the West, and the stir of strange forces. Strange forces with new methods of propagation. Whereas tyrants of the past have ruled by force, the Bolsheviks, in spite of all the murders they have committed, are now seemingly able to convince millions by means of the radio of their faith. The loud-speakers braying in every park are like a scene out of Mr. Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World"; they are trying to condition the toiling masses into the ant-men necessary to the success of Communism. Something big is going to happen in Russia, but no one seems to know what.

Mr. Maurice Hindus, in his recent book,* is very certain that the Communist International (which he disassociates from the Soviet Government more convincingly than do most official Moscovite apologists) will fail in its attack on Western capitalist civilization. Indeed, he gives instances to prove that not only has the government of Stalin frequently cut directly across the ideal path of Bolshevism, but that the International itself has lost some of its pristine belligerency and ardour for the world revolution. Russia is concentrating more and more on her own affairs, he says, and is seeking to live in friendship with other countries, while building up Socialism in her own. Last year, he tells us, a Moscow film company invited a group of negroes from the United States to come over to film scenes in which a negro was

* "The Great Offensive." By Maurice Hindus. (Gollancz. 5s.)

to be lynched and in which a white heroine was to marry a coloured man. Some American engineers who heard of the project made a protest, and the production of the film was postponed. No doubt it will never be made. On the other hand, in every public park I visited last summer there were displayed cartoons of top-hatted capitalists hanging naked niggers, with red-coated soldiers looking on.

" The great offensive," " the Soviet front," " mobilization," are words which come naturally to every writer on modern Russia, for they are always being used in that country. Young Russia has a fighting spirit, and its Five Year Plan is nothing if not a war plan; it is certain that if a favourable opportunity were to occur the Soviet Government would intervene in foreign affairs. But for the strong middle-class which helped Herr Hitler's rise to power, Germany would to-day be under the dictatorship of the proletarians of Moscow; the schemes were ready, both for internal sabotage and for outside support in money and arms. Stalin and his people mean business; they will wreck Europe if they can.

With all respect to Mr. Hindus, I do not agree with his conclusion that Communism is no longer dangerous to the peace of the world. He is Russian born, and educated in America—in touch, therefore, with two civilizations—and he has ideal qualifications as an interpreter. " Humanity Uprooted " was the work of a spacious mind, and only an observer of great integrity could have written its two sequels, " Red Bread " and " The Great Offensive." This last is full of recent, vivid contacts with day-to-day life in Russia, sketched with such skill that the reader who has not tried to do that sort of thing himself will miss the art that conceals artifice; it is a book of good stories and shrewd observation, simple, direct, vital, " auto-suggestive," with no headachy adumbration of psychology; gripping the reader far more firmly by its ruggedness than would the method of epigram and *mot juste*, or a style rendered

slippery by midnight oil. But in spite of its good qualities, I find in Mr. Hindus' own work a refutation of many of his opinions.

Granted that the Messianic-minded Jews who do most of the Bolshevist thinking no longer expect to achieve much by the class struggle at the moment, they still hope and plan for it. As Mr. Hindus says, they "cherish as much faith in the inevitability of the world-revolution as they ever have. It is a cardinal article in their faith." That being so, and the leaders of Russia holding 160,000,000 people in their iron grip, we cannot expect a return to the New Economic policy of Lenin nor anything but misery and muddle on a gigantic scale when the disillusion of the workers and the hatred of the peasants finally brings down the Soviet Government—and crash it must, in my opinion.

"Whether or not a nation's economic development can proceed as well or better under the Russian scheme of State control is a question which only time can answer. But for the Russians there is no road back, so long as Soviet Russia remains Soviet. Individualist enterprise, in my judgment, will return, if at all, only in the event of foreign conquest of Russia in war, or after an internal crash which will allow Russia's individualist neighbours to divide and absorb her territories and therefore private business. Even then this could only be achieved through frightful human slaughter, for neither the worker nor the new youth would yield to such a change without desperate resistance. *The fact is that the very desire for individual enterprise has become paralysed and atrophied.*"

Is the sentence which I have italicized an exaggeration? If it is not, if desire for individual enterprise can really be stamped out of the Russian people in half a generation, then indeed there may be some truth in the thesis of those geographers who assert that the rigours of the cold, long winter of Russia has reduced the masses to a sub-normal and sub-human condition. I cannot believe this myself. One evening, when in the company

of an Englishman who speaks Russian like a native, a beggar approached us and spoke freely of the misery in Moscow. (Perhaps he was a spy; even so I believe he said what was in his heart.) "Look at those women's hats," he began, pointing to a shop window where some felt hats were priced at the equivalent of £3 to £6; "your women in England can buy their clothes much more cheaply. We have nothing here. Not even milk for the children." And so on. We asked him why he was not working. "What is the use of slaving for the Five Year Plan," he asked, "when it produces nothing and we can buy nothing?" No doubt this man was an idler, but his mind had not gone to seed; he was an entertaining companion, and poured scorn on the theories of Socialism. In him, at any rate, the desire for private initiative had not atrophied. He was a young man, too, and although obviously not a representative type, I do not believe that Young Russia will continue for long in the first fervour of the Communist faith. I believe youth is tiring of Soviet propaganda. Shock brigades and speeches are great fun, but already young men and women are not only becoming bored by the endless reiteration of what is really a very blank and dreary creed, but are also beginning to find that the practice of Communism is duller than its theory. "*Shame on the foreman who will not allow young steel workers to attend afternoon culture classes!*" This was a notice which I saw scrawled in chalk across the wall of a shop in a Nijni-Novgorod factory, and had translated for me. How fully one sympathized with those young steel workers. The culture classes, no doubt, included instruction in rhetoric, drawing, journalism; how much pleasanter to discuss the emancipation of the proletariat rather than engage in the brutal labour of smelting during the torrid afternoons of last August! At the same time one understood the foreman's point of view; if he antagonized his men he would lose his job, and he would also lose his job if production fell below the required level. Bolshevik

dialectic may butter plenty of parsnips, but it will not produce steel castings.

Russians are great abstract thinkers. Their imagination has led them, as it led the Aryans who evolved the philosophy of the Vedanta, into theories which are with difficulty acceptable to industrial life. The Five Year Plan was all right on paper. It brought colour and drama into the workers' lives, but something more was needed. Just how much more Mr. Hindus tells us only in part. He is quite frank about the labour turnover and quotes figures from the "Pravda" regarding a group of metal factories in the Urals employing 61,000 men; in the last three years an average of over 69,000 men a year have had to be employed. No one will stop "on the job" in Russia. Far fields always look fair. But one day the truth will out. The whole system of Soviet economy is in a state bordering on collapse. Mr. Hindus says that the Nijni-Novgorod automobile factory produced 69 cars a day at the end of 1932. If so it must have performed a miracle. According to the Five Year Plan it was to have produced 140 cars a day in October, 1932, but as a matter of fact when I visited it in September of that year *no cars at all were being made;* they shook to pieces as they came off the production-line. All that that factory was able to turn out as the result of an expenditure of £6,000,000 was 14 trucks a day, and even so the trucks would not bear comparison with their American counterparts. "We are manufacturing our own aeroplanes," cried Kaganovitch to his comrades in council in February, 1933, "our own tanks, armoured cars, etc. Having fulfilled the Five Year Plan in four years, we have, *tovarishi*, added to our horse cavalry a technical cavalry, a flying cavalry, a crawling cavalry, a swimming cavalry, a diving cavalry." Oh, yes?

"The idea of planning," writes Mr. Hindus, "is stirring up a spirit of patriotism which Russia has never known. True enough, the Bolsheviks abjure patriotism. They regard it as a bourgeois vice, an emotion whipped

up falsely by the bourgeoisie to fool the masses into fighting for them. But they certainly are whipping up a similar emotion in Russia. At least, it is everywhere present. The difference, from their point of view, is this: in Russia, the emotion is dedicated to a holy end; and in bourgeois countries to an ignominious purpose."

Comment is needless. The Russians cannot get on without patriotism. Neither can they dispense with religion. I saw in Moscow photographs of the bearded founder of the faith, and pictures of the child Lenin in places where ikons would have been in old days, while the term " the General Line of the Party " has acquired a sacrosanct significance; it is the Holy Ghost of the religion whose Father is Marx and whose Son is Lenin.

Tolstoi, with prophetic eye, saw the distortion and perversion of human values which the machine might bring in its train. The pre-revolutionary governments of Russia feared industrialization for another reason, and the landed aristocracy looked on the mechanization of agriculture with contempt. (Not without some commonsense, as results have proved.) But now everyone worships dynamos and internal combustion engines in Russia except, I make bold to believe, the men who are most intimately concerned with them. When something goes wrong with a truck, or turbine, or power plant, its keeper is responsible. A short circuit or a choked induction pipe may lead to what is euphemistically described as " the supreme measure of social defence."

Will this enthusiasm for steam and steel and electricity survive the present generation? I doubt it; already it is *vieux jeu*. Other peoples have given themselves in times of exaltation to greater causes, with no more lasting results. For three years, under the spell of Savonarola, the city of Florence became a Christocracy; there was no mayor; the place was left open for the Redeemer; everything was done in His name; men paid their debts unasked, and thieves returned what they had stolen; every citizen guided his life by the doctrines of

the Sermon on the Mount. Such piety was short-lived, however. Savonarola was burned at the stake. A violent revulsion of feeling plunged the city into a Dionysiac frenzy of wine, women and song. So it may be in Russia. The emotion engendered by a multiple automatic loom, or by an electric power plant, however civic and righteous they may be, do not satisfy the deepest needs of human nature. Worship of moving parts is a fetishism, like the cult of gloves, or fur, or high-heeled boots; it is unnatural and unhealthy. Better to consume the five products of the cow, like the Hindu, than to pin one's faith to factory chimneys. The cow has something vital in her; the chimneys only waste gas.

What, then, of the future? Communism cannot succeed as a world religion because (among other reasons) the middle classes will have none of it; and in Russia it cannot change itself into State Capitalism because Lenin has gone, and Stalin and his associates, being Orientals, are under the spell of an idea which is dearer to them than life, especially other people's lives. Yet something must happen. The Russians have a masochistic strain in their nature which enables them to enjoy suffering which would cause revolt in any other people, but there is a limit to even their endurance. The Army might mutiny, although it is well fed, and well watched by the political police. The O.G.P.U. itself might carry out a *coup* against the present rulers. Dissensions followed by murder might occur in the Kremlin. Or some strike against shortage of food, such as occurred in an industrial centre some years ago, when the troops refused to fire on the strikers, may spread until the infectious turmoil can no longer be suppressed by the usual methods. Or, finally, the milch cow of the Ukraine may turn against her master. Whatever happens, I hope Mr. Hindus will be there to see it with his expert eyes and record it with his able pen.

The Restoration of Property (V)

By Hilaire Belloc

HIGH taxation is incompatible with the general institution of property. The one kills the other. There is no need to delay upon a definition of what constitutes high taxation as distinguished from normal taxation; like everything in which there is a process of gradation any definition can be quarrelled with, and any definition will depend upon degree. But we know very well what the thing is. High taxation is taxation which has passed the point after which it becomes a continuous burden, anxiety, and interference upon the productive man.

John Stuart Mill ventured the judgment that 10 per cent. was a fair rough limit to establish. When you took more than 10 per cent. of a man's earnings, or even other income, you began to pass the limit after which the thing interfered with and warped the normal processes of economic life. But in fact no numerical standard can be exactly applied. Obviously 10 per cent. levied on a man with £5,000 a year living off State payment of interest is quite a different thing from 10 per cent. levied on a small shopkeeper struggling to keep going with £200 a year profit. Ten per cent. in direct taxation demanded at one time in the year is altogether a different thing psychologically from 10 per cent. spread out in indirect taxation upon a number of petty luxuries. We know very well in practice when high taxation is present and when it is not, and we know that since the Great War the nations of our own civilization, and particularly Great Britain, have had to endure taxation which has been and remains fantastically high.

That high taxation is the enemy of well-distributed property is apparent in two ways. First, it is apparent in the fact that it can be levied effectively only in proportion as well-distributed property has disappeared. And, secondly, that its effect in operation is to destroy the process whereby well-distributed property is accumulated.

Very high taxation, indeed such confiscatory taxation as we are suffering in England to-day, is impossible where property is well distributed. You can have high taxation indeed where property is well distributed, and it will do great harm to the institution of property and gradually destroy its good distribution; but to have much higher taxation still working efficiently and producing its full amount you need a society like our own in which small property has decayed.

The reason is simple: it may be put colloquially by saying that you can tax a man with £20,000 a year more heavily in proportion than you can tax a man with £2,000 a year. You can take away half the property of a very rich man and yet leave him very rich, but if you take away half the property of a small man you ruin him. This plain arithmetical truth is observable again in the necessary presence of gradation whenever taxation becomes abnormal. When taxation is normal and low, not disturbing the economic life of the average citizen, you can have a flat rate above a certain very low minimum, and this is as a fact what we had in this country in the levying of the income tax before the modern changes began. If we put on an income tax of 4*d*. in the £—less than 2 per cent.—we can, after exempting the very small incomes, levy it without friction and without injustice upon the rest of the community. Even a man with £200 a year is not seriously disturbed by having to pay less than £4, and though, under a flat rate, the greater the fortune the less the real burden imposed on it, yet the burden is everywhere so slight that no evil results accrue.

When you come to high and oppressive taxation you are compelled as by a physical law to graduate. You have to make the burden much greater on the larger fortunes than the smaller and on the larger incomes than the smaller, otherwise you could not raise the tax at all. The consequence is that in a nation where much the greater part of the population are living on a wage

or salary and where huge accumulations (which have been well called "the negation of property") are the mark of society, very high taxation can be levied successfully and a much larger revenue produced than in a society of equal wealth where property is better distributed.

The thing can be put diagrammatically. Suppose in a community of which the total surplus comes to two million pounds a year (that is, rents and profits), and that of this two million pounds one-half (one million) is divided among ten families while the other half is divided among ten thousand families, then the bulk of the community (the poorer people) have over and above their earnings £100 a year each. Suppose the average of earnings in the poorer part for each family is £100 a year—then the average total income for such families will be £200 a year. You could not in practice take away one-half from these small incomes by taxation. But you *could* take away one-half from the larger incomes. A man with £100,000 a year will grumble badly if you cut him down to £50,000, but he can carry on on £50,000. The £200 a year man cannot carry on on £100 a year.

We may lay it down, then, as a general principle that high taxation can be levied with more success in proportion as property is ill-distributed: high taxation is incompatible with a wide and equitable distribution of ownership.

But what interests us most is the converse proposition —that high taxation being hostile to well-distributed property is, in its very essence, destructive of the same. Introduce high taxation into a society where well-distributed property exists, and you cannot levy it with ease; but in so far as you do levy it you will begin to destroy the good distribution of property in that society. And, what is in our own case still more important, the levying of very high taxation destroys the attempt to re-create small property; it kills the effort at the outset; and that is the main quarrel which those who desire to

reconstruct property (if that be possible) in our modern diseased capitalist state must have with the present enormity of taxation; that is why they must regard it as mortal to their effort. If it is continued, the new effort at re-creating small property cannot thrive.

The reason for this should be obvious when we consider by what process property is gradually brought into existence amid a propetarian society. It is brought into existence by gradual accumulation; by thrift; by adding to building, to the value of land occupied, to liquid capital in hand, to investments. To re-create small property in a society under the curse of Industrial Capitalism requires, as we have seen, many other conditions: it requires security, it requires a sound currency not to be tampered with by Governments; it requires special favour for the small man at the expense of the large one, special laws interfering with undue accumulation—and so on. But it also demands moderation in taxation. Under a Capitalist regime, where everything depends upon keeping a margin between the propetarian earnings and the total amount of production, and therefore the leaving of mere wages as little taxed as possible, taxation must be thrown as much as possible on to property. It begins to put a brake upon property the moment it arises.

The small man is thinking of building onto his premises with his savings, but the rates are 15*s.* in the £, and he pauses. The small man has accumulated investments which bring him in so much a year; he knows that if he passes a certain limit the increasing steepness of the tax he has to pay will become burdensome. The professional man is earning an income out of which he can build up property for the future by saving, as he can, say a third of his income. But if he is so successful or works so hard that he reaches the point where a full quarter of his income is taken away in taxation, it is hardly worth saving more, and he will not save.

It is true that high taxation does not produce these

effects in the very beginnings of small property; it comes to have this effect rather when the accumulation is of a certain respectable size, and is beginning to attach to what we call "the Middle Class Standard." But then to preserve and to create the Middle Class Standard is of the very first importance to the creation and preservation of Property in the State.

That is perhaps the most important point in the whole of this discussion, not only as regards the effect of taxation, but in every other department. The ideal of property does not comport equality in property—that mechanical ideal is not alien to, but contradictory of, the personal quality attaching to property. It is not a bad but a good thing that rents, the dwelling-house, the income from investment, and the rest should be upon various scales, for such variety corresponds to the complex reality of human society. What *is* a bad thing is that real production and thrift and personal effort—in other words, work and citizenship—should be handicapped, and that gambling should be encouraged. Under a system of high taxation the gambler often escapes or, if he succeeds in reaching his goal and attains a fortune, even under very high taxation, it remains a fortune still, while the same taxation kills the man who is trying to save.

Consider the two types of man in our society whom any one of us can observe in action. The one works steadily at, let us say, some small distributing business, a shop; his ideal is to prosper within the limits of the middle class. He will rise perhaps from profits of two or three hundred a year to profits of four, five, six hundred a year; he will lay by money for investment; he will die possessed of a house worth, say, £4,000, and will at last be receiving an income from his business and his savings of, say, £2,000 a year. Such a man under a system of low taxation progresses uniformly and reaps a reward more or less corresponding to his industry and intelligence. The same is true of a man who makes similar progress

through application in a profession. Apply high taxation after a certain point to either of these and the process ceases. It is not worth while.

Now consider the other type, the man who speculates, who gambles, whose ideal is not a solid middle class ending to his efforts but a huge fortune. See how he goes to work.

He risks the complete loss of his first accumulation, and more often than not suffers that complete loss. If (commonly through no good judgment of his own but blind accident) the gamble comes off, he is suddenly heavily enriched; and nine times out of ten the form of the enrichment is such that the fisc has no hold upon it. It is adventitious, and not part of a regular income.

He gambles again—again he either ruins himself (as more commonly happens) or again pulls it off. And that second gamble makes him already a conspicuously rich man. He can then, as our industrial society is organized, advance with more certitude and less risk, to a fortune five, ten, or ninety times greater than which had already put him among the conspicuously wealthy.

When he is upon that scale high taxation begins to operate upon him forcibly; he has an income which is almost wholly assessable, and, in spite of the various forms of evasion, his huge accumulation will more often than not fall under the full operation of the Death Duties. But he remains very rich.

All through that career—which has done nothing but harm to the Commonwealth—and to his own character—a career destructive of citizenship in himself and in others, the fisc has been positively encouraging him to take his choice between destitution and a great fortune. All through the career of the opposite type the fisc has been putting the brake on the accumulation of moderate property. In other words, high taxation destroys the Middle Class.

The process is aggravated in the modern world from the fact that very great fortunes alone to-day are secure. The more the disease of Industrial Capitalism develops

the higher the point below which the investor is uncertain of the future. Therefore men who might not otherwise be tempted to gamble are urged to gamble and those whose instincts are for slow progressive accumulation are discouraged.

There is another aspect of this evil, this destruction of the Middle Class by high taxation; and that is that the Middle Class is the spokesman for property. Through it property as an institution becomes vocal because it can express itself upon a basis of leisure and cultivation; it has invariably been found in the past that when the Middle Class weakens or is destroyed, even though there remains widespread property in the hands of quite small men, these are at the mercy of the very great fortunes which stand above them, with no intermediary layer. For the very wealthy control society. That is exactly what happened in the breakdown of the ancient Pagan civilization and, where Capitalism is at its worst, it is what we see happening to-day.

But when we have determined that high taxation is mortal to well-distributed property, and especially to the proper functioning of that "fly-wheel," which we call the Middle Class, we are still left with the fact that high taxation is present and must be faced.

It has come upon the modern world as the result of two causes: the waging of war upon an unprecedented scale with loans instead of by a levy upon capital, and the increase of State Socialism for the purpose of guaranteeing Capitalism against a revolt of the proletariat. The first is called "interest on War Loans" or "State Debt," the second is called "Social Services."

It would seem that both these categories of public expenditure are inevitable as things now stand, and that, therefore, this prime obstacle to our effort—high taxation—will remain and will make our effort futile, at least in those countries where the mass of the people are already proletarian, that is, in those countries which are generally industrialized. And of these, of course, Great Britain is

the chief example. Our society is that one society among the great nations in which the people have been most thoroughly dispossessed. It is also the society in which the very highest taxation can be levied with the least friction.

And how, things being what they are, can such a situation be met? If we cut down beyond a certain limit the so-called "social services" the Capitalist machine will break down through the revolt of its proletariat. If we cut down beyond a certain limit the interest paid upon public debt, the State credit will be impaired or destroyed. In other words, we seem to have come to a situation in which extravagantly high taxation is necessarily permanent. Is there any way out of this situation?

There is evidently the catastrophic way; already in the last fourteen years catastrophic steps one after the other have reduced a burden which otherwise could not have been borne at all. The German Reich has destroyed the whole of its public debt by repudiation; the French have destroyed four-fifths of theirs; the Italians two-thirds; and we in this country by a mixture of repudiation and what was virtually forced conversion, have reduced the burden by about a half. Yet what remains is sufficiently grievous in Great Britain at least to militate against the reconstruction of property in our midst.

Will further catastrophic steps relieve us to the point where individual thrift and work will come into play again for the creation of reasonable private accumulations? It is probable: it is not certain. What *is* certain is that if the level of high taxation continues we shall end with a state of society wherein there will stand contrasted the very great fortune on one side and a proletarian mass upon the other, with all hope for the reconstruction of property abandoned.

(*To be continued.*)

Wine, Wisdom, and Song

By Osbert Burdett

*A century of Teetotalism is accomplished this year.**

AFTER reading *An Heroic Poem in Praise of Wine*, by Hilaire Belloc, someone wrote to me to ask if the cult of letters and wine was really inseparable. The following fine couplet from the poem—

> Wine, true begetter of all arts that be;
> Wine, privilege of the completely free:

had startled him.

It seemed a large claim, he wrote, and not daring to approach Mr. Belloc himself, the questioner (a young writer, familiar with teetotalism) turned to the nearest disciple of Dionysus and the Muses. Beyond the countries of the vine, the wine-cup and the poem are ceasing to be embraced in thought and love; though literature is still toasted at public dinners, though wine-merchants write good books, though Oxford dons still love their port and the great red wines of Bordeaux, though scholars write about wine, itself a learned subject, and though poets have often made the proud claim to have been inspired by it. In England, we have plenty of drinking-songs. Our hop-fields take the place of vineyards, and make beer our national drink; but praise of wine is vulgarly supposed to be an affectation, and praise of beer (outside the inns and taverns where it is best enjoyed) is, alas, half-hearted.

Why has there been this surrender by so many well-meaning people to a false philosophy of life?

The explanation of Teetotalism—which was born in 1833—is dreary, understandable, and familiar: slums, gross poverty, drunkenness, lurking tap-rooms horridly made (on purpose) without seats so that poor men (with nowhere else to go) may toss off, instead of tasting, their

* The precise year has been disputed; some, curious of exactitude, have preferred 1834: e.g. The *Preston Temp. Adv.* of August, 1834, contained this important sentence: "The flame of real teetotalism was communicated at this meeting." Others, none the less argue keenly for 1833.

liquor; that the queue may pass in and out without pause, and more profit be taken for less return than from any equal, inchmeal space in England. Those were the vile conditions of which teetotalism was spawned, a century ago, by the well-meaning efforts of Richard Turner, of Preston. Thence sprang its ill-judged, but very comprehensible, reaction to the just-mentioned evils: later increased by a virtual trade-monopoly and its consequent competitive race for control over strings (multiple, we now call such monsters) of tied tap-houses. The tied tap-house, and its counterweight teetotalism, began like social cankers to proliferate in the second half of the past century; and, as was said of kindred things, "the remedy was part of the disease." This is why a bad odour clings faintly to the honest old word Drink; though the public-house, nowadays, is happily much recovered.

Thence the vague doubt in the mind of my friend, representative of thousands who, through no fault of their own, have become so cut off from our past as scarcely to feel deceived when wine is confused with "alcohol"—though what would they say if we, with equal foolishness, contemptuously spoke of tea as "tannin"? Temperance is one of the seven cardinal virtues because it means the right use of a good creature, and to confuse this virtue, of all things, with abstention from such a good is to confuse the gold of charity with the dross of a shut-tight purse. It is all so sad and absurd that lovers of wine can be excused for occasional exaggerations, since we are confronted with unfortunate fanatics. What, we say to these strange objectors, never potent before in the world and already recoiling from the worst evils of their mistaken policy in America and Finland, what would you and the animals feel if ye were asked to defend water?—what would young people feel if they were asked to defend love?—what the weary, if sleep?—what defence can be found for art, religion, beauty, prayer, the sun shining—except speechless amazement at

the question? Mankind would not be Man, if it had not loved these things. Wine is a symbol in this also that, like the greater of which it is a sacrament, it is the same yesterday, to-day, and on earth for ever.

To wine we truly owe the better half of such glories as our kind can be thankful for; but, before recalling these, recall Milton's great reminder against pride:—

> So little knows
> Any but God alone to value right
> The good before him, but perverts best things
> To worst abuse, or to their meanest use.

That good thing which can be misused with impunity scarcely deserves to be considered good at all.

We are Europeans, and wise ones if we do not turn for nourishment and instruction to alien origins, whether from the recesses of India and Buddhism or from the dark and sculptured woodwork of the African negro; and note that Europe, the cradle of our civilization, includes all the best countries of the vine. All Europe, of course, has not vineyards; but it is significant that the lands where the vine thrives very nearly correspond to the European, the secure, limits of the old Roman Empire. From the south along the coast of Algiers, where Carthage was conquered; northward up the Rhone and *half-way* down the Rhine; to the west in Spain, Portugal, and to France, the greatest wine-country; to the east in Greece, and beyond Greece north-westwardly to Austria, the vine radiates from Rome, the centre of the Mediterranean and, roughly, the centre geographically of all the vineyards. Athens, Rome, and Paris have been the capitals of this Europe. The last two are, to this day. From the first came the worship of Dionysus, the wine-god; and to the dancing, the singing, and the miming at his annual festival of the vintage the art of tragedy, the queen Muse of letters, is traced by historians and scholars. The last, lingering survival of the Greek chorus is said to be found in the servitor of the priest at Mass, which without wine is inconceivable. In lyric, as in religion, the

vine has always been the noblest of symbols: from the libations with praise under Paganism to the jocund psalms of Christianity. In prose, it has inspired the parables; and, from those primeval stories, down the centuries to this day; for it is celebrated in some of the most famous chapters of English novels.

In daily life, wine has been the pledge of hospitality: in good health a joy, in illness a restorative. The famous Essence of Tokay was the last resource of King Edward VII, as of many another, in his last rally. In the mystery of its making, as in the mystery of its effects, pleasing in turn the eye, the nose, the palate, the digestion, and then opening the heart and the mind to give their best in return, for wine is never fully to be enjoyed without company and draws the best out of any company by its own genius: wine is wonderful. It humanizes the men who make and the men who drink it. It inspires the painter by its colour; the poet by its colour and the subtle cloud of its perfume. Its power of evocation is felt by everyone who sips it; and the worker of all kinds, whose rest it cheers, is moved by its own example to surpass himself by fresh creative efforts. It soothes the fretful. It takes the sting from fatigue. In its last good, it is the porch of quiet sleep. To those who are not inventive, to the humble routineers (among whom the salt of the earth is to be found most abundantly) wine is just as kind, for wine promotes good fellowship, warms appetite, aids digestion, while it withholds all its delight from the mannerless, would-be swiller; and it cannot be decanted and served without that leisure which is the decency, the grace of social intercourse. By banishing the fevered appetite for hurry, the curse of inconsiderate people, it persuades man to sit at ease over his food, which is the right cradle of good talk, and its presence (with no more than bread and cheese) converts a meal into a little feast. Men who live under its influence become insensibly civilized: the reason why, in wine-countries, the vice of drunkenness is unknown. So

manifold are its blessings that every sort of man has praised it. Wine is the only subject that is both the vehicle of toasting and a toast itself. Its own great literature has wine; libraries have been written on its making, its qualities, its exquisite differences, its simple virtue, its enjoyment, its serving, its proper glasses, its use. Wine is the only real mystery of which man's knowledge has improved; nor has it improved by distorting, but by assisting, Nature to achieve her purpose of "creation." Of the men who understand wine best the most devoted have been great scholars. Its praises, in English alone, are as numerous as the praises of love; and, like poetry itself, wine cannot be manufactured. In both of them the Muse, the mystery of creation, must come to aid man's efforts. Synthetic, or manufactured, wine is without virtue, has no quality.

If we think of the part wine has played in the inspiration of Letters, and the best of literature is the praise of the noblest desires and achievements of man, wine and culture (meaning the pursuit of the humanities), a word taken from wine-growing, are inseparable twins. Were any doubt still possible, one fact will remove it. The vineless countries in Europe were the very last to be civilized, and through the centuries, from the time of the Cæsars till our own, they have thrown wave after wave of invasion against the people of the vineyards. If the vine be but a plant, it is the chosen of the Godhead; and among the men that have died in defence of the vineyards there have been generally allies from England in the thick of the defence. There were vineyards, once, in Gloucestershire. We, too, however, though divided from European soil by the Narrow Seas, are yet within the pale of Christendom; and foreign or our home-bred barbarians could only deny us wine by denying all our history. That lie must never be. Since the past of a man is as its root is to a plant, snapped from which he, too, will wither, the praise of wine is not only a thanksgiving, but the duty of a witness; that we may keep the gift we

have inherited and hand it on, like loyal trustees, to our children. The record of literature and scholarship is the bulwark against forgetfulness. By honest writing and true testimony it is the safeguard of truth. "The scholar is the memory of mankind."

Good things, for that they are at one, hang together. Weaken one; you weaken all. Strengthen one; all benefit. This is the formal proof that "the cult of literature and wine" is inseparable for the health of either; though this reply is but a fragment in support of Mr. Belloc's claim for wine, a claim echoed by every generation of the poets, and fine prosemen, his predecessors.

In this, the centenary year of the teetotal flurry, both the guardians and the enemies of the vine would do well to remember it.

Hammer and Sickle

By Viscount Lymington, M.P.

THOSE who wish to see Liberalism united to the Tory party would do well to read Mr. Mark Patrick's book* and be warned by the example of Russia and, indeed, of all revolutions. For Liberalism is the philosophy which sets material increase as an end and not as a means, and which sets individual liberty above social duty. The one ends in making man the slave of material, the other in producing spiritual and moral anarchy. Each is the inevitable evangelist of Bolshevism. And those who hope to fight the Communist by uniting with the Liberal will have the sappers of the enemy under their own walls. There can only be two forms of authority: the Tory based on national needs, instinct and experience, or the dictatorship of Communism, when the Liberals have reduced traditional authority to anarchy. Thus there should be no compromise with those who would allow the individual irresponsibly to exploit the mass or who would encourage such freedom of opinion that the family, the nation, and the Crown are undermined. The principle to have no principle inevitably ends in an unprincipled *ad hoc* dictatorship which, having no human past, can have no human future.

Thus it comes about that the Russia of which Mr. Patrick writes with unpretentious authority and dispassionate and clear expression is that Liberal ideal of opposites—one thing in theory and another in practice. Even the very arms of the Soviet which Mr. Patrick takes for his title are an anachronism. In Russia the hammer has been discarded for the conveyor belt, and the sickle for the combine harvester-thresher. The former are the symbols of human effort against nature, the latter are the chains which enslave men to the machine.

The only thing in Russia which has changed little is the conception of government. The authority of the Czars was no more than a centralized bureaucratic

* HAMMER AND SICKLE. BY MARK PATRICK. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot, 7/6.)

dictatorship sanctioned by centuries of Russo-Oriental custom. It is a pity that Mr. Patrick did not develop the history more fully in his early chapters from the invasions of the Tartars, through the palace revolutions, and through the alternate Eastern savagery and Western sentimentality of her leaders and intelligentsia. He contents himself with saying that " Russia and England are less alike than chalk and cheese," and that it is beyond the scope of his book " to trace cause and effect down the years," though " much of the Russia of 1933 is the direct product of past centuries." Yet much that makes the whole system of opposites in the present regime is so clearly bred in the past that it would have been a sound lesson for ourselves to reflect upon. The inert passivity of the Russian masses, the incompetence of her lesser leaders, the methods of the OGPU all are intelligible if we consider how this came about.

Perhaps not least of the reasons for the Russian character is the cross-breeding caused by the waves of Mongol invasion. The internal conflict within the individual may not yet be ended by the complete fusion of the two breeds. But most of all she suffered in the past as to-day by the superimposition of Western culture on her Slav-Tartar foundations. This has meant that a Western culture has had to be imposed by a bureaucracy with the only tool available, an Oriental secret police.

The Western veneer had robbed Russia of her only chance of racial development and local leadership. For it left Russia without an aristocracy in any real sense of the word. The local leaders responsible for their people never developed. The Western sentimentalities of her leaders, from Alexander II to Milutin, could but destroy what little chance of improvement from experience existed. The serfs were freed and left landless. The intelligentsia, in the universities or in exile, planned Utopias of goodwill and liberty without foundation or purpose. A czar without an aristocracy, a people without a working tradition, an intelligentsia with supreme

muddleheaded idealism could only pave the way for the bitter and as yet unended years since 1917. This is no idle warning against the Victorian idealism of our rulers. Those who would remove the aristocracy of our own civil service, and the hope of an indigenous Indian aristocracy to satisfy the clamour of the Indian intelligentsia should consider Russia before they break all principles of statecraft.

But the lesson of Liberalism, broken traditions and lost aristocracy is not all that our idealists should learn. It is not enough to be complacent for ourselves, and say that we are not as they are, and that Englishmen can never have a revolution. It is significant that we never boasted of our genius for compromise and muddling through until Liberalism had made a virtue of necessity.

In theory Russia has a highly-developed system of confederation and a highly-specialized system of functional representation. But, in fact, the aim of Communism is to break with all tradition. Since there was no local leadership to start with, and since all hope of it among individuals has ceased with the murder of such men who might have developed it, the result is centralized dictatorship where neither experience nor initiative can survive.

But the parallel is not hard to find in the growth of our own bureau and in each new Act of Parliament calculated to destroy aristocracy, local tradition and responsibility. The Liberal-Socialist character of successive Governments since 1908 will have much to answer for when sooner or later there arises an English Stalin, who will attempt to use our bureau to enslave the "depersonalized" mass of our people.

Nor should we overlook the complement of the political regime in Russia. Atheism has been made the State unreligion of Russia; because materialism is the new god. For this god, until now at any rate, the most devoted among young post-war Russians have mobilized their faith. As the soil has been always the repository of

tradition and on it responsible family life has always had its roots, it was necessary to destroy the best of the population in the kulaks, and to enslave the rest for factory life among the collective farms. If a dictatorship over the proletariat was to survive it became necessary to make 150,000,000 people proletarians. Those who see the dangers of the servile State should remember that Russia is now the cultural stepchild of America. The Five Year Plan if it were ever perfected would make Russia appear not unlike Detroit.

Chapter by chapter, Mr. Patrick's book, which makes no effort to reveal the "soul of a people," but quietly chronicles the methods, the achievements and the failures of the Soviet Government, leads to the inevitable question: How shall we deal with Russia?

He has no breath to waste on those who would alter her internal system or on those who want to be convinced against all common sense of the hope in any revolution to the left. But as simply as if he were writing a report he makes the issue clear. To begin with he says: What have we to learn from her? His answer is *nothing*. In the sense of her planning and making God the machine his whole book has vindicated him. But in the sense that she is the writing on the wall for our own rationalizers and sentimentalists, his book, as I have tried to show, is a warning against complacency that he who runs may read. If that be so then the question comes how should we order our diplomatic and commercial relations with her?

Here the answer is equally clear and equally well founded on his earlier chapters. The contradictions of Russian profession and Russian practice are nowhere better illustrated than in her military pacificism. Nominally Communism is international. Yet Russia can only survive in a non-Communist world by intense nationalism, and international Communism can only be brought about by revolution of the proletariat in foreign countries. Thus it happens that Russia, in order to establish her

internal dictatorship, has had first of all to bind her people together to meet imaginary dangers from the whole world. The spirit and the phrases of war are everywhere.

The Five Year Plan, indeed, is based not only on aiming at economic self-sufficiency, but on military needs. The tractor factories are so designed that they can be turned to the manufacture of tanks at a moment's notice. The chemical warfare and air-bombing departments are highly organized. The army is large, moderately efficient and with a very large reservoir of semi-trained reservists. Never before has Russia been able to put an army with decent equipment into the field. Thus there is no historical ground upon which to draw comparisons.

At Geneva she advocates wholesale disarmament and signs sentimental peace pacts. Not unnaturally for Russia there is no greater hope of world revolution than complete world disarmament. Nor is that all. As the shoe of Communist dictatorship pinches ever more harshly, the age-old expedient of a foreign war may once again serve to produce the crisis which will rally the disaffections and lost hopes of her masses. As Mr. Patrick rightly points out, the first step into Bessarabia would set Europe in flames.

Thus we have everything to fear from letting the economic development of Russia develop while the Communist party rules her.

The Communists' only hope is to get credit from us so that we may export machinery while we pay her in cash for what she chooses to dump in our markets. Mr. Patrick's argument that a large export trade to Russia must always be chimerical is unanswerable. We can never be repaid when Russia is self-supporting save by a heavy trade balance against us. And if Russia fails we must lose in any case. In our trade with Russia he points out there is nothing to gain by softness or cajolement. Our Embassy in Moscow, where he himself worked, is an unnecessary expense to the taxpayers. Rightly he

indicates that barter trade for necessities such as manganese and asbestos is the only sound form of trade. Thus we would not be equipping Russia to our own danger and to the detriment of Empire development, while we would get in honest exchange for our goods the raw materials which we could not conveniently find elsewhere. We cannot hope to be shopkeepers for the moment and guardians for the future at the same time.

It seems a pity therefore that our trade relations with Russia have for the last few weeks depended on the release of two British prisoners in Moscow. The stand we rightly made to defend our own nationals has been turned to the diplomatic advantage of the Soviet. As I write the future of our trade relations is undisclosed. But out of the whole futility of the World Conference Litvinoff alone would seem to be the gainer.

The sooner that we grasp the lesson that exporting to Russia on credit can offer no hope in the future and can only result in money lost at the expense of the worker and of wiser development the better. Not only Liberal economists, but our statesmen should read this book. They should read between the lines of the printed page. Principles are nowhere more needed than in dealing with the rulers of a country to whom principles are unknown.

The Revival of Religious Persecution

By Douglas Goldring

OF all the anti-social vices, those which the muddled thinking of our age allows to pose as virtues are among the most harassing in their effects. Persecution, for example, although a thoroughly detestable human weakness, when indulged in by social reformers invariably fills the persecutor not with shame but with self-approbation.

In England, after centuries of struggle, we won our way through, about a hundred years ago, to a considerable amount of personal liberty, to freedom of conscience and the removal of all the disabilities from which those who could not conform to the Established Church had previously suffered. In this great battle for the liberation of England, the Free Churches played a conspicuous and noble part.

On the whole, during the reign of Queen Victoria and up to the outbreak of the War, the nation had in general little cause to complain of the undue influence of the premier religious body, the Established Church of England, upon legislation. The Victorians, whether Christian or Atheist, were not dissatisfied with the Victorian Sunday, nor was there any necessity to repeal the Lord's Day Observance Act of 1781 since those of its provisions which became obsolete ceased automatically to be enforced. (For example, there was no real fight about Sunday newspapers.) The pre-War liquor laws, although the closing hours and high excise duties caused some grumbling, were not sufficiently irksome to give the nation any feeling that it was being coerced by a minority.

When war broke out it was largely for the ideal of English Liberty that hundreds of thousands of men enlisted and were killed. But while the nation was preoccupied with the struggle and Englishmen were

fighting (as they thought) for Liberty, in France, the enemies of Liberty at home saw their opportunity to rob them of it and promptly seized it. The evil spirit of interference with other people's private concerns "for their own good" raised its odious head and became personified in Dora. All the temperance cranks, prohibitionists and Sabbatarians organized their forces to stab their compatriots in the back. An example of their state of mind was provided by a woman temperance reformer who wrote, in 1916, that "our one fear is that this war may be over before our enemy is destroyed." The "enemy" was beer! The success of these unhappy addicts to the vice of persecuting your neighbour and interfering with his private life, in the years which have elapsed since the War, has proved a national disaster of the first magnitude. It has already sown in our once sound national character seeds of the same corruption and decay which became so visible in the United States after the introduction of Prohibition.

Behind all the legislation grouped for convenience under the term "Dora" there is a principle which the nation must either accept or unhesitatingly reject. If we accept it, it will mean as great a revolution in our ideas as would the acceptance of the doctrines of Karl Marx. In Soviet Russia the Bolshevist minority has successfully asserted its claim to coerce the majority for what it believes to be their ultimate welfare. In Capitalist, individualist and liberty-loving England, a puritan minority has successfully made a similar claim on precisely the same grounds. Unless a resolute stand is made and the nation repudiates the principle that a minority has the right to coerce the masses for what it believes to be their own good, we may confidently look forward to Prohibition (already partially in force, owing to the monstrously excessive taxation of beer and spirits) and its inevitable accompaniments of crime, disorder, the corruption of the police force and the turning of the most law-abiding people in the world into a nation

of law-breakers. Mr. A. Duff Cooper (Financial Secretary to the War Office) is reported as saying at a recent banquet: "I do not believe the American police will ever be able to overcome their present difficulties until their laws have behind them the backing of the people. . . . The difficulties of the police in America began when their legislators passed laws which the ordinary citizen thought it absurd to obey." The same applies equally to England. At no time has the reputation of our police force stood lower in public estimation than it does to-day. While the list of undetected and unpunished murders, robberies and hold-ups goes mounting up to an alarming figure, hardly a week goes by without a police prosecution for the infringement of "laws which the ordinary citizen thinks it absurd to obey." To bring about these ludicrous and irritating prosecutions the police are forced to adopt methods which are universally detested.

The recent debates in the House of Commons on the Sunday Entertainments Bill, although the main issues were confused by a mass of nonsense about museums and zoos, showed clearly enough that the nation is confronted with a definite revival of religious persecution on the part of the minority who, until comparatively recent times, were themselves the sufferers from it. Sunday legislation, if it is to be in accordance with pre-War England's ideas as to freedom of conscience and the equality of all religions before the law, must not be framed to suit the convenience or to accord with the views of any one particular sect, at the expense of others. Nor have the whole body of professed Christians the right to coerce by legislation the still larger body of excellent and law-abiding English citizens who do not subscribe to any organized religion at all. The Sabbatarian who take his ideas of Sunday observance from the Old Testament, and stands by the obsolete Lord's Day Observance Act, is perfectly free to enjoy his Sundays as he thinks best. When he claims the

right—and he does claim it and has come near to enforcing it—to coerce High Churchmen and Roman Catholics, who base their views on the New Testament and regard Christ as the pioneer of what is called the "Continental Sunday," and to dictate to Jews and Freethinkers as to how they shall employ their weekly day of rest, he is attempting to push us back into the XVIIth Century. The leader of this post-War "back to Cromwell" movement appears to be the Solicitor-General, Sir Thomas Inskip. What constituency this gentleman represents, what political party he belonged to before he took office under Mr. MacDonald and what his racial origin is, I have made no effort to discover. It is sufficient that, at a recent Church Assembly meeting, he expressed the view that the liberty which it has taken the English race a thousand years to achieve, and of which they have made so admirable a use, was "dangerous"—presumably because it has enabled the majority of Englishmen to form ideas about the best way of enjoying their Sundays which differ radically from his own. Speaking of the Lord's Day Observance Act, Sir Thomas is reported to have observed: "It is not the Act of Parliament but *public opinion* which is at fault. . . . The stagnation and placidity with which we have allowed cinemas and every sort of invasion of Sunday to advance by leaps and bounds is to be regretted. . . . The danger seems to be at present that too much liberty is allowed to the individual." Liberty has, of course, never been "allowed" to the individual Englishman. It has been secured by the English race after centuries of struggle, during which every Hampden has had his village counterpart. It is the Englishman's greatest national heritage. If his liberty is to be still further curtailed, who are to curtail it, to order him about, and to decide when his "opinion is at fault"? Apparently Sir Thomas Inskip, Miss Megan, Sir Ian MacPherson, Lady Astor, Sir Basil Peto, old uncle Rhys Davies and all!

The Celtic puritan onslaught against the people of England is primarily directed against the working classes, particularly the London working classes, who have been and will be the most severe sufferers from it. They are the inarticulate classes. Anyone in the country with an income of £600 a year or over—Cabinet Ministers and the majority of members of Parliament come into this category—can easily ignore or circumvent most of the restrictions either threatened or in force. He can, by joining clubs, play golf, tennis, cricket, or any game he pleases, during the week-end. If he wants to see the best films (and the most indecent plays) he has only to pay his subscription to the societies which exist for brightening the Sabbath by presenting them. The Lord's Day Observance Society and the indefatigable Mr. H. H. Martin are powerless to interfere. On the other hand, when it is a case of intimidating Town Councillors into prohibiting the children of the poor from playing games in the public parks and gardens on Sunday afternoons the Society interferes with devastating effect. Indeed, it is actively engaged in promoting this brutal form of petty sectarian persecution throughout the country.

Until the wealthier sections of the community, whose Sunday drinks and recreations are at present immune from restrictive legislation, drop their attitude of selfish indifference, and stop saying "It doesn't matter to us," there seems little hope that England will ever free her neck from the elastic-sided boot of the persecuting puritan. Actually it matters very much to the rich—if they had only the sense to realize it—that the poorer, more numerous and more industrious classes of the community should be bullied and exasperated. Apart from the danger of needless class antagonism there is the danger that our present parliamentary system may become completely unworkable and collapse before there is anything save a Fascist (and predominantly puritan) dictatorship to take its place. Anti-libertarians

are equally distributed between all the political parties, while Wales and Scotland can be relied upon to give a solid vote for all those "Dora" regulations which ordinary Englishmen consider insulting to their self-respect. The English voter, in regard to such questions as Sunday Entertainments, Liquor laws and so forth, is thus bewildered and impotent. Reasonable liberty for the individual does not, at present, form a plank in any party platform. There is nothing practical which he can do to secure his rights by constitutional methods. His only hope lies in the pressure of "public opinion." But "public opinion," in this matter, is largely formed by "public men" and by what passes to-day for "Society," for it is only this section of the community which can make its views reverberate in the columns of the daily press. Influential Englishmen and English women have therefore a great opportunity of rendering social service to the community. "Dora" legislation has not only caused a vast deal of unnecessary misery, ill-feeling and popular annoyance; it has also proved a drag on our prosperity and a cause of increased unemployment, particularly among shop assistants and in the catering trades. It discourages the foreign tourist and infuriates the Englishman who wishes, on patriotic grounds, to spend his holidays in his own country. It has increased crime and bred ill-will between the police and the public. And as (although its promoters may be unaware of it) it is largely based on the unpleasant vices of sectarian persecution and love of interference with the private concerns of others, it has struck at the roots of public morality.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THANKS very largely to the Four Power Pact the past few weeks have witnessed a temporary relaxing of the tension in Europe, except so far as Austro-German relations are concerned. The German revolution has completely triumphed in the Reich itself and, as in Italy, all parties save that which is in power have ceased to exist. This triumph has caused the revolution to enter upon its second phase, that of consolidation, and this is likely to prove more difficult. The one outstanding success which Hitler has so far gained in this connection has been the conclusion of a Concordat with the Vatican. Napoleon I did the same thing in not dissimilar circumstances, and however hopeful the analogy may be for Germany, it is not too encouraging for Hitler.

The future of the Reich is as obscure as it was on the morrow of the elections last March. On the one hand we are told that Hitler himself has ceased to be even a figure-head, and has become a mere sign-board; on the other, that he is the great moderating force in the Nazi movement, and that his devotion to peace cannot be questioned. Perhaps the most informative article on the German situation which has appeared in the British Press was published in the *Daily Telegraph* on the 13th of last month. The writer took the view that if the Nazis succeeded there was every chance of war in Europe because Germany is re-arming as fast as she can, and that if they failed civil war was inevitable. The article of Capt. Liddell Hart in the same paper, on July 19th, also deserves the closest attention. On the other hand, far too much attention has been concentrated on the excesses of the recent revolution, and far too little on its constructive side. Revolutions are messy affairs, but in contrast with those in Russia, France, and Spain, the Nazi assumption of power was peaceful in the extreme. This may not be saying much, but it is necessary to declare quite bluntly

that those who hail, for instance, the Spanish revolution, with its senseless records of bloodshed, its wholesale confiscations and political imprisonments, and its open and ruthless attacks on religion, as a liberal movement, and at the same time condemn recent events in Germany as a vile tyranny are either knaves or fools. Actually Herr Hitler has begun the attempt to consolidate his regime, and reassert strict discipline over his followers. Whether he will succeed in his task is another matter.

The Danube Problem

THERE has been of late considerable diplomatic activity with regard to the future of the Succession States of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is now realized that matters cannot be left as they are, but so far no solution has been suggested which has not encountered the fiercest opposition from one quarter or another. At present there are three proposals to be considered. The first is the *Anschluss*, that is to say, the incorporation of Austria in the German Reich: the second is the creation of a Danubian Federation, a sort of United States of Danubia: the third is the restoration of the Habsburgs to the throne of a revived Dual Monarchy.

The *Anschluss* would be a definite violation of the Peace Treaties, and could hardly be effected save as the result of a victorious war on the part of Germany. It would imperil the very existence of Czecho-Slovakia; it would place Prussian sentries on the Italian frontier, and would enable Prussian guns to dominate Trieste; and it would so increase the power of Germany as to constitute a serious threat to France. From the British point of view, too, the *Anschluss* would be a disaster. Once the Prussians were established in Vienna they would lose no time in renewing their pre-war understanding with the Magyars, and the old intrigues in the Balkans and Turkey would be renewed. One of the very few satisfactory results of the late war was the

consolidation of British influence in the Near and Middle East, and a fresh *Drang nach Osten* would shatter it. If the Prussian is to be kept away from the Persian Gulf he must not be allowed to obtain control of Vienna.

The Federal Solution

THE idea of a federation of the existing Succession States originated with M. Benes, the Czecho-Slovak, and he is the protagonist of it. He hopes that Prague will become the capital of the United States of Danubia, and so eventually the power of the Habsburgs will be found to have passed into the hands of the Czech *bourgeoisie*. This is an idle dream, and it would not be worth a moment's consideration were it not receiving the support of certain French politicians, who believe that their country's interests are bound up with the Little Entente in general, and with Czecho-Slovakia in particular. In reality the Little Entente is a tin can tied on to the tail of the French poodle.

The project is impracticable on every ground. The Austrians and Hungarians would never tolerate the supremacy of Prague, and in the last resort would prefer the Prussian whom they hate to the Czech whom they despise. Italy, too, could hardly be expected to look with approval upon a scheme which would place a client of France in control of the Danube valley. The patriotism of M. Benes cannot be questioned, but the measure of his statesmanship can be gauged by the ridiculous attitude which he persuaded the League of Nations to adopt in respect of Manchuria. The idea of a Danubian Federation based on Prague is worthy of the man who persists in taking the Chinese Government at its own valuation.

The Only Way Out

IF the *Anschluss* is to be prevented the Habsburgs must be restored, for there is no middle course. Dr. Dollfuss is making a plucky attempt to preserve the independence of Austria, but he has no better weapon than his police.

Ideas must be fought with ideas, and if Austria is to be saved it will only be by pitting the monarchical principle against the Pan-German. The democratic statesmen of to-day may sneer at tradition, but it is the Habsburg tradition alone that can keep the Prussians out of Vienna, Budapest and, ultimately, Prague. If M. Benes does not wish to end his days in exile while the Swastika flies over Czecho-Slovakia, he would do well to realize that by the irony of fate the fortune of Bohemia is once again bound up with the Habsburgs.

A grave responsibility rests upon the Powers in this matter. They have but to give the word, and the Archduke Otto will be back in Vienna. Every day they delay is an advantage to Prussia. Two hundred and fifty years ago the divisions among the Powers came within an ace of allowing the Turks to capture the Austrian capital, as Mr. J. B. Morton so clearly showed in his "Sobieski, King of Poland," and to-day there is no John Sobieski at Warsaw. It is the patriotic duty of every Englishman, Frenchman, and Italian, whatever his political views, to press upon his government to facilitate the Restoration of the Habsburgs as the sole means of preventing the Prussian domination of Europe.

The Baltic States

WHILE the Western Powers have been hesitating in face of the revival of Prussian militarism, the Baltic States have realized that for them salvation lies in united action. On April 27th the first meeting of the Baltic Union was held at Riga, and was attended by official representatives from Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania, while during the course of the subsequent discussions it was made clear that the movement could count upon the support of Poland and Finland. For the moment all that is intended is a grouping after the style of the Little Entente, but as the Prussian menace grows it is more than likely that Latvia, Estonia, and Lithuania will enter into a federation of some sort.

The Baltic States are particularly alarmed in view of the opinions expressed in the past by the new rulers of Germany. In *Mein Kampf* Hitler says that he will not be content with the pre-war Eastern frontier, but that the road taken by the Teutonic Knights must again be followed, and the old Baltic Provinces of Russia incorporated in the Reich. In the same work the German Chancellor goes on to say that the population of these countries will be treated like bastards, and deprived of the right to vote and to hold public office, for it is the land, not the people, that can be made German. Alfred Rosenberg, editor of the *Völkischer Beobachter*, is a Baltic Teuton who only became a German citizen in 1923, and his influence over Hitler is attested by the fact that the former sent him as his special representative to London a few weeks ago. In these circumstances it is hardly surprising that the Baltic States are alarmed with regard to the intentions of their Nazi neighbours. Those who wish to understand what conditions were under German rule in days gone by cannot do better than read "The White Ship" by Mme. Kallas, the wife of the present Estonian Minister to the Court of Saint James's.

President Roosevelt's Position

AN American correspondent writes: "Those who resent the growing isolationism of Washington should realize that, in addition to conducting an economic revolution, Mr. Roosevelt's administration has to cope with two other vital problems. The first is that of the gangsters, who become steadily more menacing as the collapse of Prohibition drives them all into kidnapping and racketeering. The gangsters derive from the corruption in State and municipal governments, and in State and municipal courts. Short of declaring martial law throughout the country, the President cannot bring the gangsters under Federal control, except for non-payment of income tax. Yet racketeering is a

menace to property and to civilization which must be met. Reform will not come from the boss-ruled democracies of the city streets; a way must be found for compelling reform from Washington.

"The second problem facing the President is that of patronage, of what to do about the tens of thousands of executive appointments. For a hundred years every American President has found the same dilemma: if the spoils are distributed as the Party's representatives in Congress recommend, Party discipline will be strengthened and the President's chances of enacting his programme increased. But the programme, when enacted, will be administered by third-rate hack politicians. On the other hand, if the President is firm, if he refuses to 'play politics' with any but the more trivial spoils, he may have good men to administer his programme, but an angry Congress will see to it that there is not much programme to administer. This problem is especially acute for the present Administration, because the centralized bureaucratic state it is creating cannot be run by hacks."

The "Spoils System"

"IN the State Department, and in the Departments of the Interior, of Labour, and of Agriculture, there has been a healthy revolt against the 'spoils system.' The heads of these Departments, and of the bureaux within them, have been so impressed by the importance of the work ahead of them, that they have stood out for the appointment of good men, and not merely of good party men with no known criminal record. This was encouraging; but it now seems that the sinister result will be the turning loose of the spoilsmen on the new public works administration, which will have $3,000,000,000 to distribute. General Hugh Johnson, in charge of the whole industrial recovery programme, had picked a group of reliable men from the non-political world to spend this money. But the politicians were

aghast at the thought of so much wealth running to waste through honest administration, and it now looks as if they will get their own appointees into the key positions. If they do, it will be Mr. Roosevelt, in the long run, who will be blamed for the malodorous results. And the blame will be undeserved. It is the American system of government that is at fault, a system under which to the victor belong the spoils."

The Question of Manchukuo

EVENTS in Europe and the United States have distracted public attention in this country from the Far East, though accounts of Chinese pirates and bandits do occasionally make their appearance in the Popular Press. In those cases where British subjects have been sufferers, it is generally stated that the Japanese authorities are dilatory in seeking redress. These comments put the whole position in the Far East in a nutshell, for they testify to the fact that Japan is the only guardian of law and order in that part of the world, and also to the unsatisfactory relations which exist between London and Tokyo.

Anglo-Japanese friendship, which has been sacrificed on the altar of the United States and the League of Nations, could be quickly re-established if Great Britain would but recognize Manchukuo. There is not a single British interest which would be prejudiced by the adoption of such a course, and the only reason it has not been adopted appears to be because Sir John Simon promised the League that we would not do so. Japan may or may not have been justified in her action in Manchuria, but this country cannot be bound by the decisions of Geneva in a matter of such importance as the recognition of a State like Manchukuo. It is quite clear that Manchukuo has come to stay, and the sooner we officially admit the fact the better for the peace of the Near East, the better, incidentally, for British trade and British citizens in that part of the world. It is to

be hoped that when Parliament re-assembles the matter will be taken up, and the Government bluntly told that the interests of peace and order must come before the *amour propre* of M. Benes and the League of Nations.

Two Books to Read

REALLY informative books in English about modern Royalism are so rare that "Kings in Waiting" by Herbert Vivian (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) is the more welcome. The author has spent the past twelve months travelling about Europe for the purpose of finding out what prospects there are of the various exiled dynasties regaining their thrones, and in these pages he gives the result of his inquiries. Briefly, he thinks the chances are good in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Portugal; doubtful in Spain and Greece; and bad in France and Russia.

Many people, even convinced legitimists, will not agree with all Mr. Vivian's conclusions, but his work is none the worse for being provocative, and those who have read his contributions to the ENGLISH REVIEW will not need to be told that his narrative is always sprightly. Furthermore, this volume contains some exceedingly profound observations prompted by the author's recent experiences, as when he says of Mussolini that "the danger of his success is that he is finding unworthy imitators of Gadarene precipitance." Altogether, a book that can safely be recommended to every type of reader.

A new edition of "Hitler" by Emil Lengyel (Routledge, 3s. 6d.) has recently been published, and should be assured of a wide public. It depicts very faithfully the German background of the Nazi movement, and the English reader will find just the sort of information that he wants to form an opinion of what is happening in Germany.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

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Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Retrieving the Past

FEW reputations have been so unjustly blackened as that of Castlereagh. Poets and Irishmen and Whig historians are people in whom the emotions are likely to overbalance the restraining mind; and all three groups have indulged their imaginations at the expense of the memory of Castlereagh, with the result that the common picture of that statesman shows a prodigy of coldheartedness, reaction, and political evil. " His whole life was spent in an avowed cold-blooded contempt of every honest public principle. A worse, or, if he had had talent and ambition for it, a more dangerous public man never existed." This was the judgment of Creevey at the time of Castlereagh's death—a judgment which, in its harsh ignorance, was a mirror of the popular

mind. But at last, as part of the contemporary movement for retrieving the past from the Whigs, Castlereagh is being freed from this load of ignominy. The latest book to carry on this good work is "The Rise of Castlereagh," by H. M. Hyde, with a Foreword by the Marquess of Londonderry (Macmillan). The book traces Castlereagh's career up to 1802, when he was thirty-three years old. It covers, therefore, the period of his Irish Secretaryship, of the Rebellion, and of the Legislative Union. "The Rise of Castlereagh" can be recommended, both as an interesting story of great events, and, even more, as a truthful story of events which have rarely been accurately described.

Cosmopolis

MR. H. J. MASSINGHAM'S "London Scene" (Cobden-Sanderson) is a book on a great theme—the modern world-city. This is not a guide-book to London; it is not a book on London antiquities; it is an effort to suggest what it feels like to live, with alert imagination, in a Cosmopolis of the twentieth century. It is no disrespect to Mr. Massingham to say that his theme is too big for him. It would be too big for anyone but a first class poet—the sort of poet who is no longer possible in a civilization which has produced the great capitals of the Western world. Paris, London, Berlin, New York—their spirits are becoming more and more alike with every decade. Their histories have less and less relation to their present; for their pasts were rooted in a soil, and had local meaning, and were expressive of a local way of life; their present is expressive of the cosmopolitan, rootless spirit of the intellectual nomad, or else of the beaten brutalized spirit of the city poor. In every capital these poor are increasingly alike. The same machined ugliness of surroundings, the same withdrawal of hope, the same substitution of tabloid newspapers for religion—all over the Western world these conditions make the same dejecting population. And

among the cosmopolitan nomads at the top, the same art, the same clothes, the same amusements, the same nihilism of the mind, is producing a race of people who are at home in every great Western city, but who are aliens in every countryside. Once they have learned the language, and collected enough acquaintances so that they never have to be alone, these people can settle happily in any metropolis; but they can never settle (except as foreigners camping among natives, and bringing their own atmosphere with them) a hundred miles away from London or from one of its substitutes.

It is probable that Mr. Massingham would disagree with all this; for he seems to feel that the modern London which he is describing is unique in the way London used to be, before the twentieth century. Yet to me the striking thing about his book is that when he is not writing about parks, or birds, or pictures in a museum, what he says can be applied with negligible changes to any Western capital I know—except Rome, which is so many cities, so many civilizations at the same time, that not even the machine can quite obliterate its past.

This is not to say that Mr. Massingham's writing is generalized or vague. On the contrary, by writing informally, by describing his random thoughts and acts and feelings during a year of London life, he has given an individualized picture of his city. But that city is not the London of history; it is the World-City of the Machine Age.

Miscellaneous

"SAINT On Holiday," by Geoffrey Dearmer (Heinemann) and "Mr. J. Jay," by Frank Aldworth (Heinemann) are fantasies in novel-form which attempt a satiric comment on modern life. The former is the more readable, the latter the more caustic; but both are unsatisfactory in that the satire, while dominating the story, is neither sharp nor compelling.

"The Advances of Harriet," by Phyllis Bottome

(Bodley Head), has a heroine whom the publishers describe as "a charming, very impulsive English girl." This lovely child loses her virginity at the age of seventeen, in order that she may make occasional use of a neighbour's Morris Cowley. When sent to Paris, to be cared for by her elder sister, she picks up a Frenchman on the train, and manages to compel him to ask her to spend the night at his flat. Much to her chagrin, it is a night of innocence, for he has decided that Harriet would not be worth the trouble and expense. The rest of Harriet's adventures are equally distinguished. According to the dust jacket, this novel shows "the differing attitudes of the French and English towards romantic attachments," from which it would seem that the publishers consider Harriet a type of English girlhood.

"Frost in May," by Antonia White (Harmsworth), is a well-written story of a girl in a convent school. The characters are interesting and real—so real that the reader rejects the ending, on the ground that the characters are made to exhibit an intolerance which may suit the author's thesis but which does not suit their own personalities as displayed in the rest of the book.

In "Poems, 1912–1932" (Macmillan), Mr. Edward Shanks has collected and arranged in order of composition all his published verses, and has added a final section of new work. Mr. Shanks is one of the better poets of the day, and it is good to have his work in convenient form.

Another welcome reprint is "A History of English Literature, 650–1932," by Emile Leguis and Louis Cazamian, translated from the French and with a new Introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Dent). First published in England in 1926 and 1927, this is perhaps the best brief survey of English literature. It is not colourless; it is not drearily academic; yet it is the trustworthy work of two distinguished scholars. Such an outline benefits from being written by foreigners, who can bring to the old story a freshness of outlook. The present reprint is in one volume, and sells for ten and sixpence.

Queen Elizabeth*

MR. WALDMAN possesses in a high degree the gift of making a clear and interesting narrative out of a chaos of facts. No better brief account exists than the one he gives us in this book of the chief episodes in Elizabeth's life, up to the defeat of the Armada. He is fair-minded without being tepid, and, to instance his finest achievement, has justified Elizabeth's treatment of Mary, Queen of Scots, without diminishing the tragedy and fascination of Mary. Unfortunately, he has imposed on his study of Elizabeth a limitation which prevents her from coming completely to life. He has led her up to her culminating triumph, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and deliberately left her on that pinnacle.

In his introductory remarks, he justifies this limitation by suggesting that though the death of empires and the fall of great men are the eternally exciting subjects both of history and of literature, it may sometimes be instructive and not utterly uninspiring to observe the earlier and more cheerful process whereby a thing came to be born, and flourished, before its turn came to wither and die. As an example of such a process, he says, nothing in the annals of nations can compare with the splendid years during which Elizabeth sat on the throne of England.

It is very dangerous for a biographer to reduce his theme to a simple formula, for consciously or unconsciously he is compelled to shape every fact to fit the formula, and in the process loses his sense of the uncertainty and complexity of life, and with this sense the power to reproduce reality. "Cheerful" is not a word that would occur spontaneously to anyone in connection with Elizabeth, but having taken her reign, up to the Armada, as an example of the cheerful process by which a thing is born and flourishes, Mr. Waldman has to blacken her predecessor's reign extravagantly in order that Elizabeth's may shine by contrast. The hopelessness that

* "Elizabeth." By Milton Waldman. (Longman. 12s. 6d.)

prevailed at her accession, Mr. Waldman says, was complete and universal: England consisted of four million frightened, distracted people. But when she died, England was a mighty nation, capable of nourishing a civilization which will for ever illuminate the map of time and of evolving an Empire which would one day reach to the uttermost spaces of the earth.

It is questionable if England was much happier at Elizabeth's death than at her accession, and what superiority in happiness the country enjoyed was largely due to relief at Elizabeth's death, and to the hope that her successor would rule more agreeably to the wishes of his subjects. Mr. Waldman knows this. It was indeed his knowledge of the discontent and disillusion in the last years of Elizabeth's reign which made him finish his book with the defeat of the Armada. But his attempt to prolong the glow of the Armada to 1603 shows his sense of the unsatisfactoriness of cutting his subject short in order to secure a happy ending.

To treat Elizabeth as a successful politician, instead of a great tragic figure, is as if Shakespeare had ended *Othello* with Othello's victory over the Turkish fleet, or devoted five acts to King Lear's skill in negotiating brilliant matches for his daughters. Mr. Waldman explains Elizabeth's life as shaped throughout by her passion for the safety and greatness of England. "England," he says, "was her husband . . . She was merely a good wife, whose superlative intellect, feminine suspicion and unscrupulousness, thrifty management and unfaltering courage aided and guided her consort to conspicuous success in the world."

A good wife does not admit other men to her bedchamber, as was Elizabeth's frequent practice. To treat her patriotism as the clue to her character, and her personal life as a bizarre by-product of her political career, or as an unimportant relaxation from its political burdens, is to obscure the whole development of her singular character. Here and there in history—Cavour is an

example—a man appears who is a politician almost from birth. But no woman is born with an all-engrossing passion for the business of managing a state. Elizabeth's patriotism was the complicated product of a life laid waste in its early years by terrible experiences, the first of which was the execution of her mother by her father. Her strange and sometimes repulsive love-affairs were attempts to force her way back to the normal emotions from which she had been deflected, and it was her politics, not her personal life, which was the by-product.

Mr. Waldman closes his study with a regret that Shakespeare did not round off his historical plays with one on Elizabeth at the time of the Armada. "He cheated posterity," Mr. Waldman says, "of a last and the most splendid scene in the sequence of chronicles he composed to the glory of English history."

Shakespeare's patron, Southampton, was a friend of Essex, and was imprisoned for his share in Essex's revolt. On the evening before Essex's execution, Shakespeare's company was commanded to perform before the Queen at Whitehall: her method of revenging herself for the performance of *Richard II*, which the company had been bribed by the rebels to give on the day before Essex tried to raise London. The celebration of the victory over the Armada, which Mr. Waldman regrets that Shakespeare left unwritten, is more than made up for by the presence of Elizabeth in the background of the tragedies. Julius Cæsar's senile conceit and vacillation owe a good deal to Shakespeare's study of Elizabeth, and the remorse and despair of Macbeth recall the last days of the great Queen, when she used to sit in the dark and bewail Essex, and like Macbeth was haunted by terrible dreams, telling one of her ladies one morning how she had seen her own body "exceedingly lean and fearful in a light of fire": an image of unquenched and still craving desire which forms a better starting-point for a study of Elizabeth than her concern for the safety and greatness of England.

HUGH KINGSMILL.

The International Planners*

By Sir Ernest Benn

SIR NORMAN ANGELL, the thinker and philosopher, is charming and, by comparison with Sir Arthur Salter, the professional planner in search of employment, harmless. In his first paragraph he takes the risk of naming six modern economists, four of whom are already thoroughly discredited, and describing them as the six wisest men in the world. He tells us that he favours planning, but writes a book to show the impossibility of the whole idea. As the author of "The Great Illusion," Sir Norman Angell is fully entitled to show how the "patriotic" classes have adopted socialism and ruined the world and although a great deal more could be said on the question the point is worth making that the trouble started with the patriots. Great minds have their limitations, and Sir Norman, to keep up his socialistic pose, is bound to think rather of the patriotic folly, than of the greater folly of the Socialism which the patriots were blind enough to adopt. He is really making the obvious point that war and Socialism are first cousins, but he does not know it.

The chapter on the Conditions of Successful Planning will bring little satisfaction to our expert planners, for Sir Norman makes it clear that nothing short of the Moscow method is really any good. Such an exposure, while designed to prove the worth of planning, is not likely to add to its popularity. Such slight concessions as the author makes to the theory of gradualness are not strengthened by the idea that "our society resembles an aeroplane; if the machine stops it crashes, with infinite misery as the result. If alterations are necessary they must be made while the machine is running." When he proceeds, in the course of the argument for socialistic

* "From Chaos to Control." Sir Norman Angell. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 4s. 6d. net). "The United States of Europe." Sir Arthur Salter. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net).

planning, to describe in detail and with approval Major Walter Elliott's marketing plans, he is less than just in failing to mention the gallant Conservative Minister by name. The failure of the old system is mentioned so often and with such emphasis as to suggest that even Sir Norman Angell is beginning to recognize the inherent strength of natural ways which have not only kept us going, but have actually paid for all the planning errors of the immediate past.

Were the Fabian Society to discover a trunk full of the unpublished writings of Carl Marx, they would employ a faithful devotee to act as editor. The precious manuscript would be classified, annotated, prefaced, footnoted and postscripted, and with due advertisement and reverence offered to the world. Sir Arthur Salter has the satisfaction of witnessing these time-honoured processes applied to himself during his lifetime, and actually steals a march on the sages of the past by himself acting as assistant editor.

Mr. W. Arnold-Foster having interleaved the original writings with a lavish supply of Editor's notes and comments, the author duplicates these superfluities and adds others of his own. On one occasion by some inadvertence Sir Arthur omitted to date a memorandum on the League and America, thus causing grave inconvenience to the subservient editor whose duty it is to trace and explain every movement of his master's mind.

The volume opens with an explanation by the author, written, no doubt, about the time of the Compton Mackenzie conviction. When Sir Arthur Salter was employed as an official his every comma was, of course, a confidential document. Whether it is the ownership of the copyright or the provisions of the Official Secrets Act that troubles Sir Arthur does not clearly emerge, and without a long training in the workings of the Geneva mind does not really matter. "Such papers are not official documents," he says. "They are rather in the nature of a record in writing of the kind of arguments in

discussion in which any official interested in his work is constantly engaged with others of like interests."

The most topical paper in this collection deals with the World Economic Conference and makes it clear that we owe this great function to the brain of Sir Arthur Salter. We must assume that the memorandum which he penned on August 25, 1925, did not at the time secure sufficient favour to be classified as official, but it does appear to establish the author's claim as inventor of the World Economic conception. It also shows greater wisdom on Sir Arthur's part than on the part of those responsible for the present Conference effort. "The main conception, I think, should be that of a forum of responsible world opinion; and its object rather to pool, exchange, and publish opinion of this kind than to arrive at agreed resolutions and draw up a defined policy. The latter may be impossible; or if possible, may only be so at the expense of being useless by becoming platitudinous or positively pernicious."

Like "Recovery," this book will interest and please two classes of readers, first of all those earnest and interesting post-war adolescents who have yet to learn the rudiments of living, and second, all the communistic bureaucratic enthusiasts who can visualize a world of international robots providing them with comfortable jobs. There is, in either case, no cure for Salterism except experience, and fortunately, though painfully, we are gaining a deal of it.

A Professional Monarch

KING EDWARD VII. By E. F. BENSON. (Longmans. 15s.)

THE flow of books relating to King Edward VII is steady, but few of them add much to what Sir Sidney Lee had to tell us some years ago. It is clearly out of the question for the King's letters to be published yet, as Queen Victoria's have been, but until that has been done it is impossible to arrive at a final

judgment. In the interval, such biographies as the present are to be welcomed, for they summarize admirably the facts already known, and they serve to emphasize the value of the monarchy during a critical period of British history.

If there is little that is fresh in these pages, the latter give rise to many reflections. Mr. Benson's account of the King's truly terrible upbringing is admirable, and he leaves no doubt in our minds that the ultimate responsibility for the Tranby Croft scandal must rest with the Prince Consort. Indeed, the wonder is that Edward VII did not become another George IV. The education of Princes is a difficult matter: if they are given too much political power, like the sons of Edward III, they may become a menace to the State; if they have nothing to do, like the "First Gentleman of Europe" and his brothers, they become debauched. It was only the extraordinarily sympathetic character of Edward VII that enabled him to overcome the defects of his education.

Mr. Benson has much to say of the King's influence upon international politics. Upon the evidence so far available one may say in this connection that though the King failed in his attempt to preserve peace, he made it certain that when war did come German aggression was effectively checked. So long as militarist counsels dominate the foreign policy of Germany we must follow the road indicated by King Edward, namely a close understanding with France, and with Italy, whom he did so much to detach from the Triple Alliance. Mr. Benson's analysis of the character of the German Emperor is masterly, and he shows how the latter was gradually "absorbed into the nation which he thought he ruled, but which increasingly was ruling him," finally becoming "a mere figurehead, a marionette gesticulating to the strings pulled by the aggressive spirit of Prussianism, a mere ventriloquized vehicle through the mouth of which spoke the controlling voice." Is it impossible to detect a parallel between the evolution of Kaiser Wilhelm II and that of Herr Adolf Hitler?

One could wish that Mr. Benson had given us less politics and more about the King's social activities, but perhaps too many contemporaries are still alive. However, he has written an eminently readable work, and one that can be thoroughly recommended to the general reader.

CHARLES PETRIE.

The Heaviest Book of the Year

A Glastonbury Romance. By John Cowper Powys. (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.)

"No one can ignore 'A Glastonbury Romance'" the publishers proclaim in their advertisements, but they are over-optimistic. Most people will ignore it, and be none the worse for the experience. This is a just sentence on any publisher who has been ill-advised enough to herald a book with wildly uncritical blurbs, for the reading public is growing wary of dull "masterpieces" and all the critics who might persuade them to attempt another have obviously been irritated by spending what must have seemed to them the Best Years of their Lives in holding up and turning the pages of what is literally the heaviest and longest—though not the greatest—book of the year.

Mr. Powys has a poetic sense of life and an indefatigable itch for dramatizing it. But he has no sense of humour and no capacity for thought—as opposed to rationalized feeling—so that his work has a deadly pretentiousness. He falls into the common error of slightly-gifted poets—of assuming that because his own emotional intensity about his mental processes is authentic, its spontaneous expression will arouse in his readers a correspondingly intense response. The opposite is true—for it is always obvious to a reader when the author is taking himself more seriously than he takes his subject. The dreadful bathos of such a line as: "The manure heap with the three black fowls became at that second a sort of extension of her own personality," is due entirely to the fact that the man who wrote it is so hypnotized by the sheer delight of his own mind that he has forgotten what was, presumably, his original purpose—that of communicating with other minds.

This unshared delight in the grinding of his own mind leads Mr. Powys into one of the messiest pseudo-mystical styles I have ever encountered. He never says anything precisely—a result of his inability to think precisely. "A longing seized him, that seemed to carry with it some primordial phallic tremulousness . . ."—this sentence is typical, and I defy anyone to replace the words *primordial* and *tremulousness* with any other abstract adjective or noun which would, so to speak, alter the meaning of the sentence.

Eleanor Carroll Chilton.

Grant and Lee

GRANT AND LEE: A STUDY IN PERSONALITY AND GENERALSHIP. By MAJOR-GENERAL J. F. L. FULLER. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

IN the public view the figure of Robert E. Lee overtops those of all other generals of the American Civil War. In post-war history he has achieved what he could not do in the war, for even the victorious northerners have been conquered by him. Capitulating to the legend of Lee, they have readily accorded an inferior status to their own leaders. The almost unanimous verdict of America has been echoed in this country, where Lee's "Englishness" enhanced the appeal of his military exploits. Lee's personal character was so fine and chivalrous that there was the more pleasure in raising him to those strategic heights.

Now, however, from an English source we have the first serious attempt of an authoritative kind to challenge this estimate. Difficult as it is to combat a legend, General Fuller's brilliant piece of analysis can hardly fail to make an impression —and a reduction. For my own part I have not explored the campaigns in Virginia with the same thoroughness as those in the West, but the contact I have made with the former has raised doubts of Lee which Fuller's study tends to confirm.

Fuller's assertion that Lee was "one of the most incapable generals-in-chief in history" is likely to be resented. Soldiers are conservative and worshippers of tradition so that they, least of all, like to see a dream-colossus reduced to smaller proportions. Yet they will have difficulty in resisting Fuller's conclusions if they can bring themselves to read his book, and to read it with appropriate detachment. For it is carefully and moderately argued. Indeed, taken as a whole, it hardly justifies the drastic verdict of the preface, and in reducing Lee to more realistic proportions leaves a clearer impression of some of his elements of greatness. Fuller's judgment tends to be that Lee was too good a man, or at least too saintly a hero, to be a great general.

This is not only Fuller's finest piece of historical writing, but one of the few valuable studies of the American Civil War that have been published in recent decades. If Fuller could analyse Grant as coolly as he analyses Lee, and if he had made his outline of the war as clear as his studies of personality, the book would have been unrivalled.

B. H. LIDDELL HART.

Vitality and Assurance

HALF A LIFE. By J. S. BARNES. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

THE key to this entertaining book will be found on page 313. The author is describing a discussion with Venizelos. "When I told him," he writes, "that he could afford to let the question of Southern Albania slide, that he would return to the conference with his hands full enough, that to sacrifice Albania was unnecessary, he only shook his head. But his eyes gleamed when I told him that to call himself an old man was absurd. 'There is a quarter of a century of work still before you,' I said, 'you can even afford to wait.'"

The young man who gave this excellent advice to one of the great personalities at the Peace Conference was not especially eminent. He had fought with gallantry in the war, as had many other young men, and he was attached in a subordinate position to one of the political sections at the Peace Conference. There was no particular reason why he should have offered advice, or why Venizelos should have listened with attention. But I feel sure that Mr. Venizelos was impressed, for Mr. Barnes possesses personality and assurance, two things which go further and fare better than many more obvious external distinctions.

I enjoyed this book, but then I am obscure, and I have not met Mr. Barnes. If I were eminent, and if I had met Mr. Barnes, I might have read these entertaining memoirs with mixed feelings. I liked his war chapters. He was one of the many people who thoroughly enjoyed every hour of the war, a fact which is proved in this book from contemporary evidence of the letters which he wrote from the front. The interest never flags, whether the author is describing his war experiences at the front, his conversion to Catholicism, or the Italy which he both loves and understands. His description of the part played by Italy in the war will be valuable as a corrective to more insular verdicts common among our countrymen. Every line that he writes about Italy is informed by judgment, by sympathy and by knowledge.

"The hall-mark of the civilized man," writes Mr. Barnes, "is the possession of universal standards and marked individual tastes." No one will dispute Mr. Barnes's individuality, or his sympathy with the universal culture of Catholic Europe. He loves Italy, not only as a museum, but as the country of the future. "Meanwhile, living in Italy," he writes, "is like living in the future. It is the land of promise, the one land which is

both the centre of the best tradition of civilization and of youth. Civilization without decay. One must be both cultured and robust to bear it, like the Italians themselves."

The book deserves to be read for its intense vitality.

ARNOLD LUNN.

The Oxford Movement

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: A LAYMAN'S ESTIMATE. By J. LEWIS MAY. (Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.)

OXFORD APOSTLES: A CHARACTER STUDY. By GEOFFREY FABER. (Faber and Faber. 15s.)

MR. FABER'S is the longer and more personal in subject, Mr. May's the more comprehensive of these two books. The first covers the familiar period of twelve years from 1833 (whence the Oxford Movement is dated) until Newman's secession in 1845, and is accurately described as "a character study" from Newman's infancy onward. Despite its non-committal attitude to the whole affair, Mr. Faber's volume has, however, more than a literary interest, for its origin, he tells us, was the desire of "a middle-aged modern to grasp the working of his grandfather's mind": the mind of Francis Faber (brother of Frederick William Faber, the hymn-writer) who, two years before Newman, joined the Roman Catholics.

Mr. May's first gift is sympathy, and the insight that springs therefrom. This was the charm of his "Cardinal Newman." It made the less appreciated but even more valuable quality of his study of "Father Tyrrell," for who tests the quality of sympathy more severely than the most awkward of lovable men? The second gift of Mr. May is the gift of good prose, a mellow prose with the bloom, but without the affectation, of scholarship. His book, too, is rich in character-study: his beloved Newman, Keble, Hurrell Froude, Wiseman, Charles Marriott, Father Stanton, are here, with welcome glimpses of several others. Pusey, however, has less than his due place, but this relative neglect seems to be general among those writers who sympathize more with Newman after 1845 than before it. The reader who is interested only in human beings (meaning, really, in the human ego) is thus more generously treated by Mr. Faber. Such a writer as Mr. May, however, is not content with this diet; and so he carries his study beyond the first of Tractarian phase into

the second, the phase of the Ritualists. His interest, moreover, is not limited to past history. He knows that, just as our "passage through the present" is meaningless without a knowledge of the old roots whence it unfolded, so the shadow of many to-morrows falls faintly upon to-day, and that a man with the historic sense cannot fail to be stirred by the insistent prospect. These men remain famous, and, when we think of them, Shelley's definition of fame takes a richer meaning:

> Fame, the shadow of the unborn hour
> Cast by the envious future on the time.

To that "unborn hour" the reader is led persuasively, and of course that ends in the question whether the logic of the whole Movement does not prove Newman's path inevitable. The logical issue cannot be escaped: Protestantism and Catholicism are like two religions. You think both out, and you make your choice, for every attempt to combine them, or to pick and choose between them, issues, in time, into one or the other. That is why so many of us are desperately anxious not to have the question raised at all. All but the clear thinkers infinitely prefer to smother it. Now nobody can describe, in fact has described, this rarely confessed, but always present, difficulty with more sympathy or insight than Mr. May; yet, once again, he has repeated that strange lapse from persuasiveness that made, in the opinion of one reader, the preface to his book on Father Tyrrell a mistake in tact. Here, again, the preface is very unjust to the book, for again it invites the reader to expect fare much "plainer" than is presented to him. Skip the preface and the book is admirable: a book to be enjoyed, and pondered, by men of both sides. Start with the preface and you will (unjustly) suspect the author of a foregone conclusion.

OSBERT BURDETT.

A Debate on Christianity

IS CHRISTIANITY TRUE? A Discussion between ARNOLD LUNN and C. E. M. JOAD. (Eyre & Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

Is Christianity True—a discussion between Arnold Lunn and C. E. M. Joad—has quickly reached a third edition, showing how considerable a public there is for the right kind of religious controversy. To Mr. Arnold Lunn belongs the credit of originating

this type of book, an exchange of long letters which are published, it is important to note, unedited and unrevised. In an earlier book on these lines with Fr. Ronald Knox, Mr. Lunn was the attacker and Fr. Knox kept goal with remarkable agility. In this book both Mr. Lunn and Mr. Joad run all over the wide field, which is historic Christianity. Mr. Lunn is much freer than Mr. Joad from the intellectual vice of assuming the very points in debate. At the very end Mr. Joad explains that he could not become a Christian because of the impossibility of reconciling omnipotence and evil, because of the bad record of the clergy, and because of the primitive and exclusive character of what he terms the Christian supernatural machinery. These are characteristic and representative objections and much of the book is taken up by the attempts of Mr. Lunn to make Mr. Joad realize that revelation is not the same thing as explanation, and that it is not argument to assume humanistic premises and then to argue from them that Christianity is bad and untrue because it does not lead to maximum comfort in a life which it does not make the end. Mr. Joad is a kindly man who desires peace and plenty for all, and he attempts to present a picture of the Founder of the Christian religion as a pacifist and a communist, quoting texts from His very words, though elsewhere he throws doubt on the central episodes of the gospels. When he discusses Christianity in history he quotes such wholehearted anti-Catholic propagandists as Motley and Lecky, and professes to believe, apparently quite sincerely, that if the Church were strong enough the worst excesses of the Inquisition would begin again. It is very easy, and Mr. Lunn as well as Mr. Joad is open to criticism here, to be over-righteous about the cruelty of previous centuries.

Persecution is, however, but one square on the board in this contest. Mr. Joad makes much play with quotations which make clergymen ridiculous and gives the impression of keeping a scrapbook of such quotations. As one reads him one can almost hear the W.E.A. classes bursting out into guffaws and the happy laughter of superiority. It is, indeed, melancholy to realize how little a Baliol man with a first in Greats and a London Chair can know and understand about the chief force in European history. Mr. Lunn, as he gaily admits, was for a long time quite as ignorant, having traversed a similar educational path, but he has a rare unresisting curiosity which has led him really to study both sides of these historic controversies, and not to rest in a vague

haze of generalizations. He rubs what he has been finding out into Mr. Joad with relish, all the greater because it is so much of a discovery to himself.

DOUGLAS WOODRUFF.

"Improving" a Masterpiece

ELLEN TERRY'S MEMOIRS. With Preface, Notes, and Additional Biographical Chapters by EDITH CRAIG and CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN. (Victor Gollancz. 6s.)

THE greater and by a long way the pleasanter part of this book is a reprint of Ellen Terry's famous autobiography, "The Story of My Life." Published in 1908, that volume immediately established its author as a writer of quite exceptional power and charm—an impression which had, indeed, been conveyed years before by an article from her pen on the Ibsen drama, which had appeared in one of the magazines. The autobiography, however, was an infinitely bigger thing. Its spiritual quality was as notable as its historic; its wit and its fancy were as charming as those qualities had been in her Portia and Beatrice and Viola on the stage; and, embellished as it was with a gallery of portraits of herself and other famous persons in the theatre of her time, it still remains the worthiest of all monuments of a great artist and a very remarkable woman. In the present edition the portraits have all disappeared. We no longer see the loveliest of Imogens kissing her hand, or the most enchanting of Beatrices rallying her lover. The place of these and other visions is taken by an array of "notes" to each chapter from the pens of her daughter, Miss Craig, and her daughter's friend, Miss Christopher St. John, and by an account of the great actress's not very eventful life from 1908 to the day of her death twenty years later.

It is often depressing beyond words to turn from the delightful chapters of the original to these "notes" and other additions. For example, nothing in the book is more dignified and touching than the actress's references in her second chapter to her marriage to G. F. Watts, R.A. Here, turning from these pages to the "notes," we are treated to the vulgar flippancy of allusions to the great painter's "crabbed age" (as a matter of fact he was still on the sunny side of forty-seven) and to "the atrabilious bridegroom walking slowly and heavily up the aisle and the radiant child-bride dancing up it on winged feet." Elsewhere we are

informed that Ellen Terry's literary fame only came to her with the publication of her letters to Mr. Shaw—a statement which, of course, is obviously nonsensical. And here it may also be mentioned that we have all long known how Miss Terry herself would have treated the proposed publication of that correspondence. In Mr. T. E. Pemberton's book, "Ellen Terry and her Sisters," published as long ago as 1904, we read as follows:—

> She (Ellen Terry) is the most charming of letter-writers, and, if it were permissible, it would be pleasant to fill a chapter with her lively as well as sympathetic correspondence with the famous men and women of her day; but she, very strongly as well as very rightly, holds the opinion that to publish letters intended for one person only is like asking an audience to put their ears to a keyhole and listen to a private conversation.

The "additions" also include much comment upon those differences between Miss Craig and her brother, of which we heard rather more than enough a year or two ago and which have now perhaps become rather more than a little boring. And of Henry Irving we are told that after his separation from Miss Terry he was "banished from the capital," whereas, of course, one of the greatest London triumphs of his life followed that separation in his final season at Drury Lane, in which he completely conquered a new generation of young playgoers. In fine, those who possess the original book will scarcely care to put this one on the same shelf with it.

H. M. WALBROOK.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, POLITICS, ECONOMICS

HENRY FIELDING, NOVELIST AND MAGISTRATE. B. M. JONES. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE. Vol. I. 1845–1879. PHILIP GUEDALLA. (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

THE TACTICS AND STRATEGY OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. HILAIRE BELLOC. (Arrowsmith. 10s. 6d.)

THE TRAGEDY OF TOLSTOY. COUNTESS ALEXANDRA TOLSTOY. (Allen & Unwin. 15s.)

WRECKING ACTIVITIES AT POWER STATIONS IN THE SOVIET UNION. VERBATIM REPORT OF THE MOSCOW TRIAL. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

MONETARY POLICY AND THE DEPRESSION. A FIRST REPORT OF THE GROUP ON INTERNATIONAL MONETARY PROBLEMS OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.)

LIFE AND MONEY. EIMAR O'DUFFY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

ESSAYS, MEMOIRS

LIFE'S ENCHANTED CUP, 1872–1933. MRS. C. S. PEEL. (Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.)

A SEPTUAGENARIAN'S SCRAP-BOOK. SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. (Thornton Butterworth. 12s. 6d.)

JESUS CHRIST NINETEEN CENTURIES AFTER. BY LEADERS OF THE GREAT WORLD FAITHS. (The Search Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.)

FICTION

MRS. RITCHIE. WILLA MUIR. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)

THE CAGE BIRD. (SHORT STORIES.) FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

ASSES IN CLOVER. EIMAR O'DUFFY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

A PRINCE OF THE CAPTIVITY. JOHN BUCHAN. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

THE OLD MAN DIES. ELIZABETH SPRIGGE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

VERSE

THE GOLDEN BOOK OF ITALIAN POETRY. Edited by LAURO DE BOSIS. (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.)